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THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN—ILLUSTRATED BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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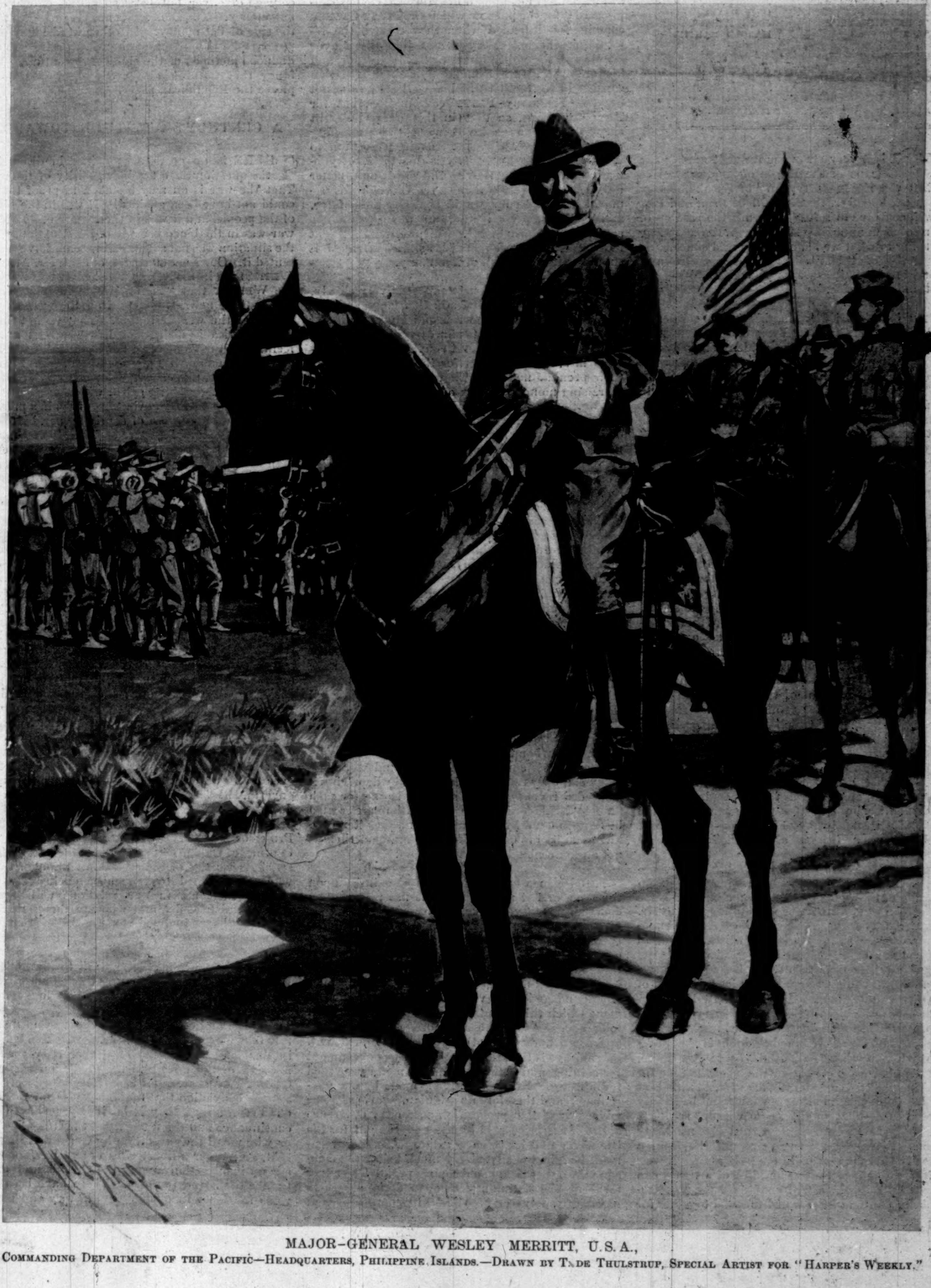


MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A.,
COMMANDING DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC—HEADQUARTERS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 4, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	CASPAR WHITNEY.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	O. K. DAVIS.
T. DE THULSTRUP	JOHN F. BASS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

THERE is a very strong movement among the Republicans of the House of Representatives against the righteous tyranny of Speaker REED. We trust, however, that he will be firm, and that he will continue to refuse to permit the passage of the resolution annexing Hawaii. Without adding anything to what we have already said concerning the merits of this resolution, the pressure now brought to bear to secure its passage is, to say the least, indecent haste.

ZOLA is to be tried again, this time in an action for libel brought by the officers of the ESTERHAZY court martial. There is no evidence that justice will be better administered in the case now begun than in the case that was recently tried at Paris. The court of Versailles is to have jurisdiction in the new case, and the prosecutor and judge are just as firmly bent upon convicting ZOLA as was President DELEGORGUE at Paris. So far as we can see, the only result of the trial will be a further demonstration of the arbitrary power of the army over the civil government of the alleged republic of France.

NEGOTIATIONS have been begun with Canada for the purpose of settling the difficulties that have for long existed along the frontier, and which have been a constant source of annoyance to the people and the governments of the two neighbors. It is to be hoped that the good understanding which has been reached between Great Britain and the United States will help towards the solution of these questions, and that not only will the vexatious international conditions arising from conflicting fisheries interests in the northeast and conflicting seal interests in the northwest be set at rest, but that there will be a renewal of that reciprocity under which both countries (at one time, not so long ago) prospered, and which is as important to the mutual interests of the two as domestic free trade is essential to the mutual interests of the States of the Union. That good trade understanding between the United States and Canada may mark our first step towards the "open door" is the wish of all who hope for the expansion of the United States, not by way of increase of territory, but by the peaceful paths of growing commerce.

THE celebration of the Queen's birthday, Tuesday, the 24th of May, was taken advantage of on this side of the water by some Canadian and some of our own after-dinner speakers to respond to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech in favor of an Anglo-American alliance. Many Canadians who are living in this country expressed themselves strongly in favor of an increased friendship between the two countries, and this was cordially met by several of our own countrymen. Mr. WHITELAW REID suggests that probably all that is necessary has been accomplished in bringing the two countries nearer together, but we are inclined to doubt if the movement will stop there, or if it ought to stop there. The truth is, as we said last week, that the time for thinking seriously of an alliance of some kind is at hand. Of course an alliance should not be hastily entered into—that ought to go without saying—and we have already been warned against hasty action. Moreover, alliances are not the fashion either in this country or in Great Britain. Nevertheless, we believe that some kind of a treaty can be worked out which will enable all the English-speaking powers of the world to stand together for common defence against encroachments by other nations, and, above all, for the maintenance of the peace of the world, and for the spread of that civilization which is the product of American and English institutions and law.

THE Tammany government of this city has carried out one of the true reasons for its existence, and has restored the police force of the metropolis as an agency for crime and vice and an ally of Tammany Hall, by dismissing Chief MCCULLAGH and appointing as chief WILLIAM S. DEVERY, who was shown by the LEXOW committee to be one of the very worst of the old police force in its most scandalous times. The Republicans, under the lead of General TRACY, are insisting that Mayor VAN WYCK should be removed by the Governor, in consequence of what they call his abuse of power. But, in fact, he has not abused his power. He has simply used it for the purpose which the PLATT-CROKER combination intended when they created the bi-partisan scheme. They meant that the Mayor should use the police force for political ends, and his only departure from the original intention consists in the fact that he has used his power, not for the Tammany-PLATT combination, but for Tammany alone, so that in this quarrel decent citizens have no choice between the wrangling parties. That VAN WYCK was in a position to work this wrong to the city is due to the Republican politicians themselves, and they would better not seek to revenge themselves through his removal. The attempt would be a ridiculous farce, and would simply call attention again to the discreditable performance to which Mr. TRACY lent his name, and which ended, as was intended it should, in the triumph of Tammany.

THE debate in the Senate proceeds very slowly, after the fashion of debates in that body, and it is very clear that the Democrats and Populists do not intend to supply the means for carrying on the war, if they can avoid it, without coupling with the revenue measure provisions for the advancement of their peculiar notions. They insist, for example, on raising money by a tax on the gross receipts of corporations. This, of course, would ruin many corporations, and would be unjust and unequal, owing to the varying margins between gross and net receipts. As has been pointed out in debate, a tax on a corporation in any particular business would be a tax in favor of a private firm competing with the corporation in the same business. This war on corporations would also send into bankruptcy many large public enterprises which are now not earning more than their fixed charges. In other words, the addition of a tax on gross receipts would be such an increase of these same fixed charges that many corporations, including a number of railroads, would be compelled to default. Without going into the question as to whether corporations ought or ought not to exist, they do actually exist, and they play a large part in the commercial and economic machinery of the time. They have been productive of much good, and have achieved results which individual or partnership capital could not have attained. Whether or not they ought now to be destroyed is a question which the Populists and Democrats may have the right to raise, but they certainly have not the right to raise it at a time when the issue must embarrass the government in its conduct of the war, and when the delay can only result in crippling it by depriving it of needed revenues. The question is one for each State to decide for itself, for corporations are created by State and not by Federal law, and the attempt to kill them by imposing a Federal tax upon them is not an honorable kind of legislation.

THE Democrats and Populists also insist upon the issue of fiat money, for it is fiat money they demand, whether it take the form of greenbacks or coinage of the seigniorage. As to greenbacks, their character is sufficiently known. They are promises to pay that do not bear interest, and, being legal tender, they constitute a loan which the government forces upon the people. There is a kind of brigandage in this view of the power of government which this country ought to have outgrown long ago. As to the seigniorage on the silver purchased under the act of 1890, it is non-existent. Seigniorage is the price charged by the government for coining, and is taken from the metal presented for minting. No such charge is made by our government, and therefore no seigniorage exists. The advocates of this proposition mean the difference between the price paid by the government for the bar silver and its coinage value. As the government bought the silver very much below the coinage value, there is a bookkeeping profit. The silver men—or the fiat-money men, to designate them more accurately—assume that this amounts to about forty millions of dollars. As Senator ALDRICH pointed out the other day, it really amounts, by reason of the continued fall in the price of silver bullion, to seventy or eighty millions, and if the silver men had the courage of their convictions they would insist on the issue of the larger sum. But they know perfectly well that what they are really asking for is a further increase of cheap money. The silver bullion is already represented by Treasury notes, and the fiat-money people want to add to the sum of these notes a still larger sum, either in silver coin or in certificates. Really they wish to issue certificates. In other words, they intend, if they can, to reduce the security of the Treasury notes that are already out. The end will be, of course, that the issue of the next national campaign will be the money question, and this time it will not be between sound money and free coinage of silver, but between sound money and fiat money. The Democrats are preparing to take the side of fiat money. In other words, they purpose to take advantage of the war to return to the financial methods of the eighteenth century. We fancy that nothing they could do would better please the Republican party.

A CENTURY'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS CUBA.

THERE is no good to be gained in discussing the question as to the inevitability of the war. That the war is on may be taken as proof that it could not have been avoided. It was in the blood of the people, and it was in the situation. Indeed, war was in the blood because of the situation. But the situation was not as some Europeans have represented it. Our London correspondent, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, says in his letter published in this issue of the WEEKLY that "A few people in society and two or three newspapers continue to express sympathy for the weaker nation. They do not think that America is disinterested." There is a like feeling on the Continent, more general, however, and much more strongly expressed. In France and Germany, this country is openly charged with having a land-grabbing spirit, with being actuated by the desire to take advantage of Spain's present distress for the purpose of depriving her, by force, of her last colonial possessions. This accusation falls naturally from the lips of a Spanish statesman like SAGASTA, or a Spanish butcher like WEYLER, but it is not true. Indeed, it is so far from being true that no one can make it—no one, we mean, not blinded by the cruel prejudices of war—without laying himself open to the accusation of mendacity or of gross ignorance, for of all countries of modern times the United States has shown the least inclination to add distant territories to her possessions. So far as Cuba and Spain are concerned, we have steadily refused to annex the island, and we have more than once declined to permit either foreign powers or the natives to take it from the possession of its hard masters, notwithstanding that their miserable rule was a constant source of annoyance to us. Various attempts at annexation have been made, and many of our politicians and several of our Presidents have favored some of them, but the country has constantly declined either to take Cuba or to permit Spain to be despoiled until now, when the people have concluded, despite what we believed to be good reasons for still further self-repression, to put an end forever to the intolerable nuisance that the Spanish government has been maintaining at our very doors.

In the June number of HARPER'S MONTHLY, Professor ALBERT BUSHNELL HART reviews "A Century of Cuban Diplomacy—1795 to 1895." The article is worthy of the serious attention of those who are inclined to remember exclusively the striking incidents in our relations with Spain with regard to Cuba, and who are therefore, naturally perhaps, inclined to the belief that we have been always manifesting a grasping disposition, a desire to take the island—a desire the existence of which might lend point to the amiable French cartoonist who pictures Uncle Sam waving an American flag, on one side of which is inscribed a legend to the effect that his war is for humanity, and on the other the confession that it is to take Cuba for the sugar-refiners. Men believe in our land greed who remember only the expression of the hope and the prediction of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS that "it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our Federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and the integrity of the Union itself," or who recall the expedition by General LOPEZ, in 1851, and other filibustering enterprises, some to stir up insurrection among the Cubans, and some to take the island by force. There have been various incidents in our political history and many expressions of opinion by our public men which have been hostile to Spain's retention of control in Cuba. The efforts of the old slave oligarchy of the Southern States to add Cuba to their territory, so that they might greatly increase the influence of slavery in the Union, are very prominent features on the international landscape, and the Ostend Manifesto made so great a noise in 1854 that the echoes have been reverberating ever since. But to take these outstanding events as symptomatic of the attitude of the United States towards Spain on this important question is to show an ignorance that is culpable on the part of any one who has the temerity to discuss public questions.

Professor HART'S article is calculated to enlighten this ignorance where it exists, but whether it will put a stop to the mendacity which, merely in the due course of international politics, charges the United States with a desire to rob Spain is another question. Probably it will not. The article, however, shows clearly that this country has resisted every temptation to take the island; that it has been consistent and persistent in holding to the policy that the United States did not want to incorporate the island as part of the Union, and that it would not permit any other foreign power to deprive Spain of her colony. Professor HART says, "As for annexation, as often as our opportunity to acquire Cuba has come, the nation has deliberately refused." This is his brief summary of the "century's diplomacy": "(1.) From 1795 to 1807 we desired friendship and commerce with all the Spanish dominions, including Cuba. (2.) In 1807–9 we feared the annexation of the whole Spanish Empire to France. (3.) In 1819–26 we feared the annexation of Cuba by England. (4.) From 1826 to 1845 we feared and probably prevented the independence of the Cubans. (5.) From 1848 to 1861 successive administrations feared both Spanish and Cuban mastery, and strove to annex the island. (6.) In the insurrection of 1868–78 the first care of our government was the protection of its own citizens, and its second interest was the stopping of a devastating civil war; though annexation seemed possible, it was put aside. (7.) From 1878 to 1895 the United States strove to extend its commerce with Cuba and to protect its investors without questioning Spain's control."

This summary is an accurate statement of the character of our historic attitude towards Cuba. While the treaty of 1795 was in process of negotiation, and for many years afterwards, JEFFERSON, CLAY, and other American statesmen assured Spain that, as to her, the only desire of this country was for her friendship and for closer commercial relations. In 1807, JEFFERSON, fearing that NAPOLEON, having subverted the Spanish monarchy, might take Cuba, favored annexation for the same reason that induced CLAY, in 1823, to notify France, which was again threatening, that "the United States could not see with indifference these islands passing from Spain to any other power." At about the same time, 1819 to 1823, England was warned off; but when, in 1822, one SANCHEZ, acting with presumed authority, offered Cuba to the United States, MONROE declined "to take any step hostile to Spain." Spain's dominion over the island was also saved by this country from invasion by Mexico and Colombia. After 1826 the slavery party in this country was opposed to annexation because it had become the custom of the South Americans, in throwing off the Spanish yoke, to emancipate their slaves. This opposition prevented independence. After 1845 and down to 1861 there was a change in Southern sentiment, and Presidents BUCHANAN, POLK, FILLMORE, and PIERCE all favored annexation. They were all opposed, however, to the descents that were made upon the island for the purpose of stirring up insurrection, and the growing antislavery sentiment of the country was sufficiently strong to prevent the success of the scheme of purchasing the island. Then came the insurrection of 1868 to 1878, during which President GRANT, under the advice of Secretary FISH, refused to recognize the independence of the insurgents, although by an intimation of intervention he secured peace, and from Spain a promise, afterwards broken, of better government. Finally we come to the present insurrection, when the inevitable happened. From JEFFERSON down, the leading statesmen of the country had predicted the loss of Cuba by Spain, either by independence or by annexation to this country. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, MONROE, and JACKSON, in addition to the Presidents already named, had favored annexation, but the country had nevertheless declined the island when it might have had it, and had protected Spain's possession against France, England, Mexico, and Colombia, and even against the Cubans themselves. Truly, as Professor HART says, "Reviewing the whole period, it seems an historical truth that—so far from the Cuban policy of the United States having been one of aggression—few nations have shown more good temper toward a troublesome neighbor, more patience with diplomatic delays, or more self-restraint over a coveted possession." And that our neighbor has been more than troublesome is the factor in the situation which has finally exhausted the patience of our people.

CONGRESS AND THE ARMY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Congress of the United States is one of the heaviest handicaps that a nation could carry into war. A deliberative assembly of any kind is not a good agency for military purposes, in spite of the National Assembly and the Committee of Public Safety. But in countries in which wars are commoner than they are with us, legislators, as well as laws, are silent in the midst of arms, or confine themselves to providing money, and intrust the spending of it to experts. Congress is an unmitigated nuisance, because it will not trust the experts, but insists that the representatives of American freemen know more about war, *ex officio*, than the men who have been specially trained and educated for it.

This is not a new complaint. The Continental Congress was very nearly as great an obstacle as the British to WASHINGTON and his generals. There was not a member of it who is now remembered for any service he did or assisted towards the achievement of military success. During the civil war the factious and unintelligent Committee on the Conduct of the War was a terror to generals in the field, who would have found themselves far better off if Congress, after providing ways and means, had kindly adjourned till the close of hostilities. But our present Congress has already, by its unintelligent meddling, made sure that the army which we urgently needed at the earliest possible moment shall be organized, not in the speediest and most efficient, but in the slowest and least efficient way. The debates on the several army bills have been marvels of presumptuous incompetency, and the results what might have been expected from inexperts who not only refused but derided the advice of experts. Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS once wrote a book upon *The Influence of Authority upon Matters of Opinion*, which, according to BAGEHOT, was described by a hasty thinker as "a book to prove that when you wanted to know anything you asked some one who knew something about it." But Congress has by no means that moderate degree of sense and deference when the question is of military affairs. There are few members of Congress, we hope, on the same plane with Mr. LEWIS of Washington, whom, and whose opinions on army organization, we have held up in these columns to the public contemplation. But the temper of Mr. LEWIS is that of a great many of his fellow-members. It would not be unfair to describe the debates on the army bills in the House as a series of insults directed at the educated officers of the United States army, whose opinions were dismissed as of no account whatever, whereas, by the necessity of the case, they are the only opinions entitled to respect.

It is curious that the navy should have comparatively escaped the ignorant impudence with which Congress treats military affairs. It has not escaped altogether, for the House once delivered itself to a two days' debate upon the comparative desirableness of "military masts" and masts with yards and canvas—a subject upon which, of course, no human being would have given a nickel for the opinion of any statesman who took part in the discussion. And only last year there was strenuously urged in that body a proposition, which horrified everybody who was entitled to an opinion upon the subject, that the government should set up its own plant for making armor plate, by way of getting it cheaper. But for the delay caused by this intrusion of inexpertness into a technical question, the battle-ships now much needed would be much further advanced. But the navy is comparatively fortunate in escaping the detailed attention of Congress. Partly, no doubt, this is because a gentleman who does not know one end of a ship from the other has a wise fear of making himself ridiculous, which deserts him when he begins to talk about land forces. Partly it may be that the apprehension that a regular army big enough to beat Spain may become an "engine of despotism," which so oppresses Mr. BAILEY of Texas, does not apply to a navy. It is as impossible to conceive of a battle-ship, or even of a torpedo-boat, making its relentless way down the middle aisle of a legislative chamber in quest of a legislator who talks too much about things of which he has no understanding, as it is easy to conceive of a corporal's guard so doing.

That the ignorant presumption of Congress has seriously crippled the army is already evident. We cannot regret the indiscretion by which publicity was given to General MERRITT'S vigorous remarks upon the project of sending him in charge of 15,000 raw militia to drive out the Spanish garrison in the Philippines and take possession of the islands. It was a *reductio ad absurdum*, which even a Congressman might be expected to perceive, of the scheme of fighting a foreign war with a force of amateur soldiers.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Sunday, May 22.—From Madrid, Cadiz, and Gibraltar information is received by cable to the effect that there is increased activity at the Spanish navy-yards, that the defences of important harbors are being strengthened, and that there is evident anxiety to prepare the reserve squadron without delay for service wherever it may be needed. This squadron probably includes the battle-ship *Pelayo*, the armored cruiser *Carlos V.*, the protected cruiser *Alfonso XIII.*, three or four torpedo-boat-destroyers, with perhaps an equal number of torpedo-boats, the despatch-boat *Giralda*, half a dozen armed transatlantic liners (among these the *Normannia* and *Columbia*, formerly Hamburg-American vessels), and possibly other war-ships from Ferrol and Barcelona. At Cadiz and Madrid it is stated positively that the destination of the fleet is Manila; at Gibraltar, that it is "probably the Antilles." Other advices suggest that Spain will keep this fleet, or an important part of it, on the home station, for the defence of her ports.

Monday, May 23.—Reviewing the whole field of operations in the present war, the London *Times* this morning reaches the conclusion that the most important lesson is the effect produced by the presence of a small, compact, high-speed squadron.

At San Francisco the First Regiment California Volunteers embarked on the steamer *City of Peking* for Manila. It is stated, in an order issued by Major-General Otis today, that this regiment, with the Second Oregon Volunteers and one battalion of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, and a detachment of California heavy artillery, consisting of an officer and fifty men, will constitute a brigade of "expeditionary forces" under the command of Brigadier-General Thomas M. Anderson, United States Volunteers. The other vessels designated to transport this command are the *City of Sydney* and the *Australia*.

Señor Leon y Castillo's refus[illegible] to enter the Sagasta cabinet shares public attention the world over with Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech, and gives rise to wild conjecture. "That he is arranging for the sale or gift of the Philippine Islands to France, as a means of saving them from falling into the hands of the United States," is a theory which, a despatch to-day says, has "gained widest acceptance at Washington." A rise in Spanish fours leads the *St. James Gazette* to observe that certain influential capitalists may have "advance news of the forth-coming announcement of a Franco-Spanish alliance."

A correspondent of the European edition of the *Herald* asserts that the great question in Spain now relates not to the conduct of the war, but to the supply of bread—and its price. Events of the war interest the people of Madrid, for example, "less than the next bull-fight or the drawing of the national lottery. The loss of Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines would cause the Spanish people to rejoice." The people, he explains, have always been overwhelmed with taxation to keep up these colonies, while only the ruined nobles and adventurers who have gone there to retrieve their fortunes with the support of the government have been benefited.

In the course of a discussion in the Spanish Senate today the suggestion was made that Spain "should immediately sanction privateering, and entirely destroy America's maritime trade." The excuse alleged for this threat of privateering was found in reports, "confirmed" at Madrid, that American war-ships had entered Guantanamo Bay flying the Spanish flag. The information in regard to the Guantanamo incident that has reached New York is limited to the following particulars: On Wednesday last the *St. Louis* and the tug *Wompatuck*, under orders from Admiral Sampson, went to Santiago de Cuba and cut one of the cables, within range of the guns of the fortifications. On the following day, May 19, the *St. Louis* and *Wompatuck* entered the bay of Guantanamo, about forty miles east of Santiago, but there they did not succeed in cutting the cable. A Spanish gunboat in the harbor and Spanish infantry in a block-house near the beach opened fire on the *Wompatuck*, and Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* signalled that the tug should cease operations and retire.

Tuesday, May 24.—Admiral Dewey has cabled to Washington as follows:

> Situation unchanged. Strict blockade continued. Great scarcity of food prevails at Manila. Foreign subjects fear an outbreak of Spanish soldiers. Arrangements have been made for them to be transferred to Cavité by foreign men-of-war if necessary. Aguinaldo, rebel commander-in-chief, brought down by *McCulloch*, organizing forces near Cavité, and may render assistance that would be valuable.

Duke Almodóvar del Rio has accepted the portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs, which Señor Leon y Castillo declined.

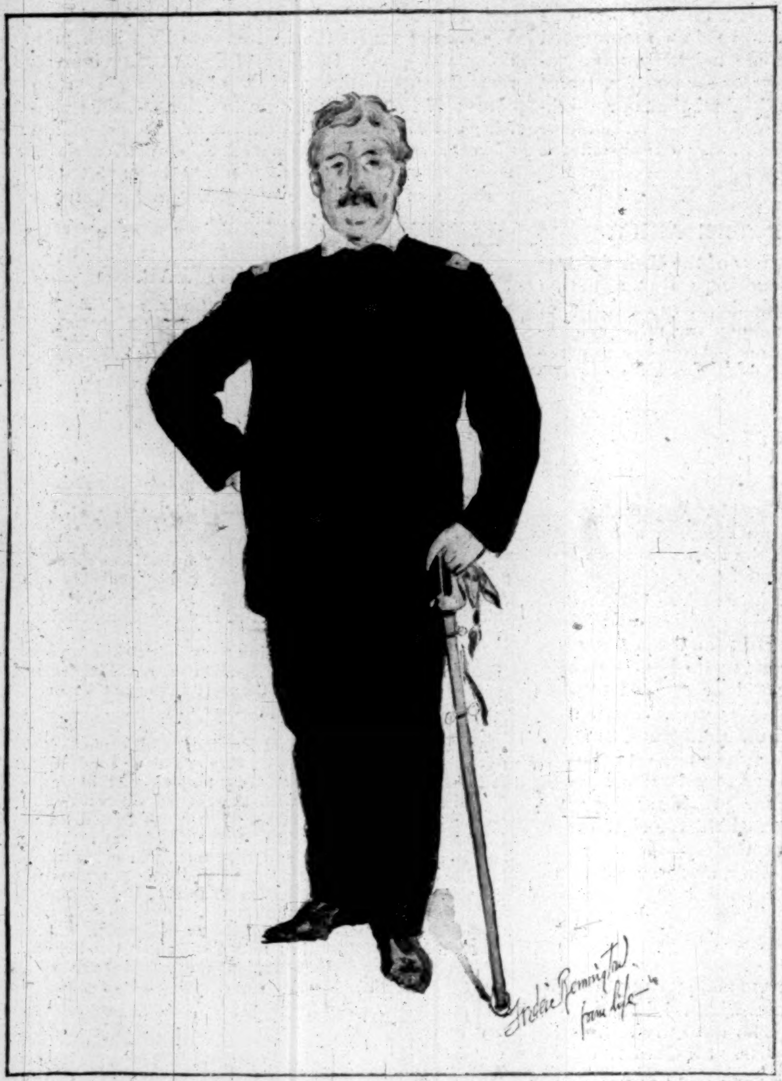
Wednesday, May 25.—The President issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 more volunteers. With this addition the total strength of the army will be 278,500 men.

Late this afternoon the transports *City of Peking*, *City of Sydney*, and *Australia*, carrying about 2500 men, with supplies to last a year, and a cargo of ammunition and naval stores for Admiral Dewey's fleet, left San Francisco for Manila.

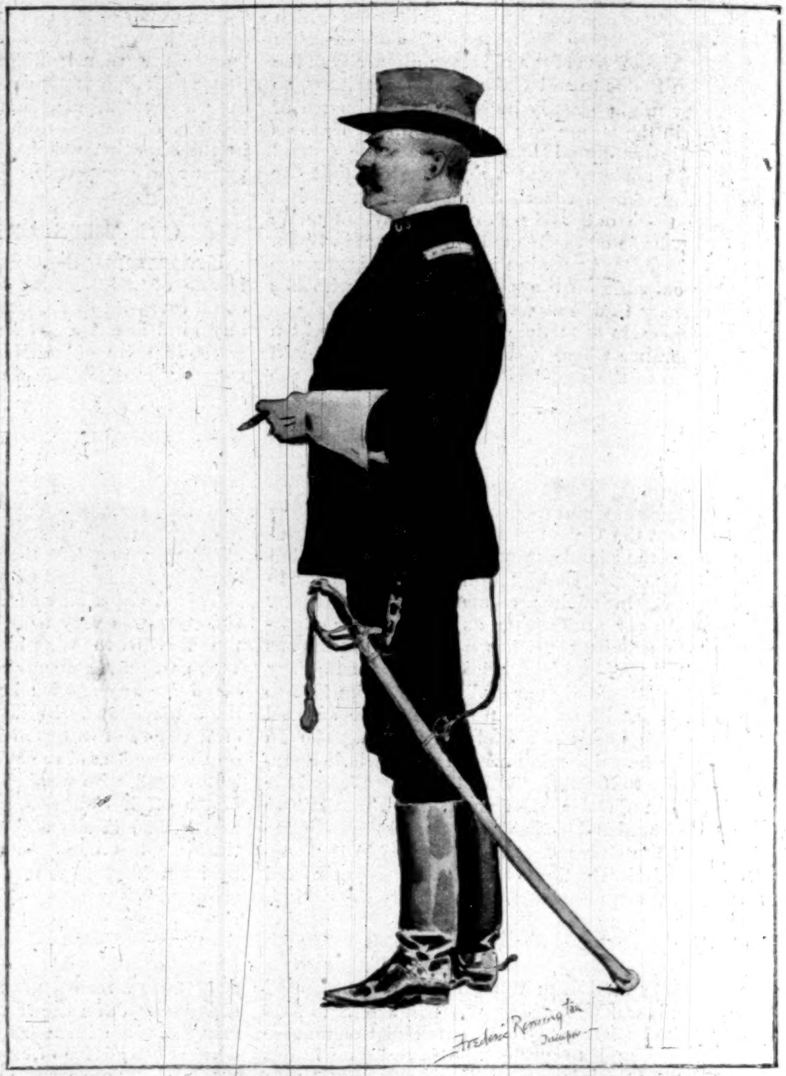
Thursday, May 26.—The battle-ship *Oregon* arrived at Key West this morning in excellent condition. Captain Clark says that he left the *Marietta* and *Buffalo* between Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. He covered about 12,000 miles from San Francisco, steaming about ten miles an hour.

The Spanish fleet commanded by Cervera is believed to be hemmed in at Santiago de Cuba by Commodore Schley's squadron.

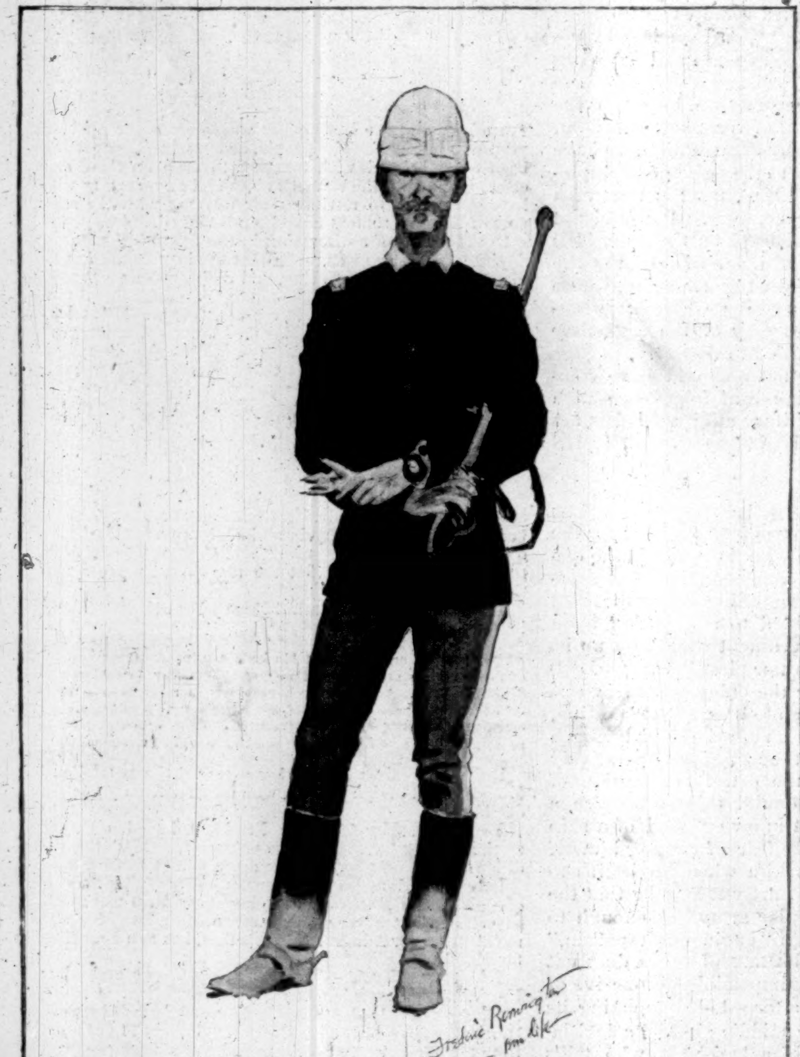
Friday, May 27.—At Gibraltar and Paris the view is held that the Cadiz fleet will try to relieve Cervera.


Frederic Remington
from life

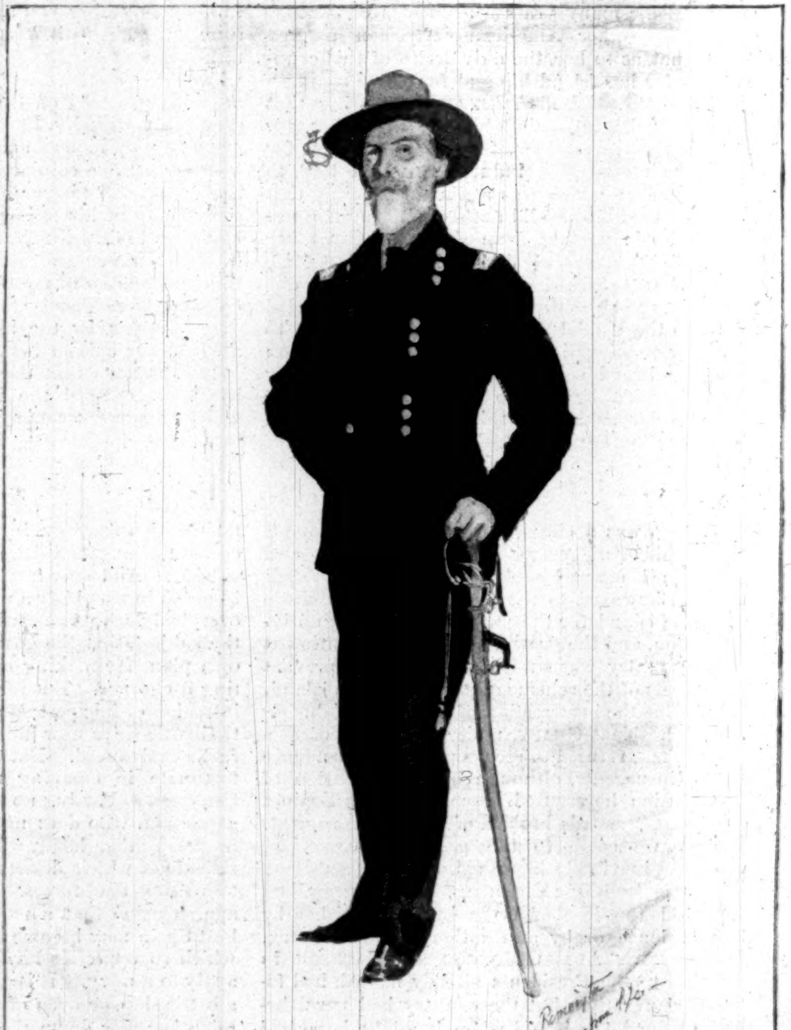
MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 5th Army Corps, Tampa.


Frederic Remington
Tampa

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, U.S. VOLS.,
Now commanding 3d Army Corps, Chickamauga.

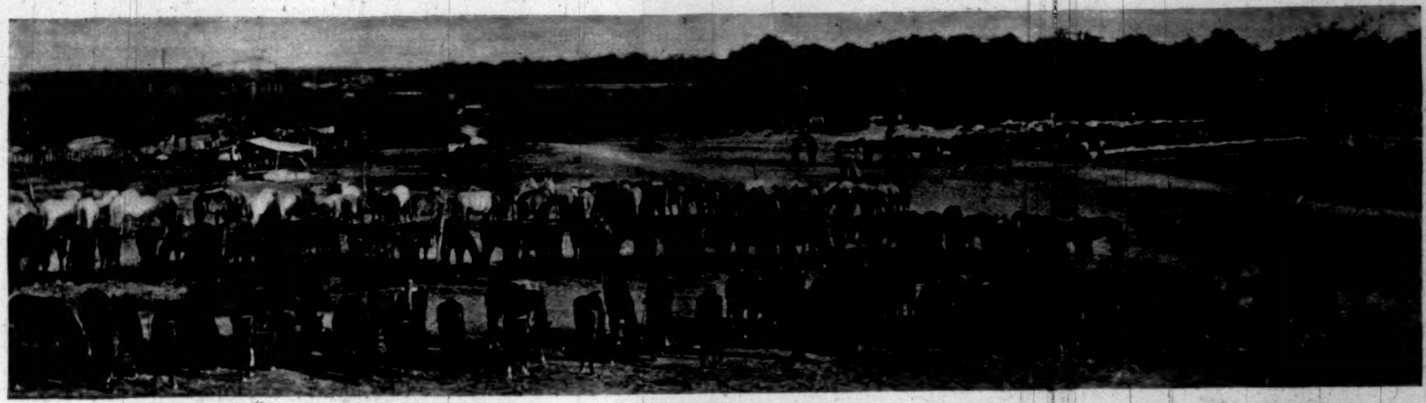

Frederic Remington
from life

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 1st Brigade, 5th Corps, Tampa.

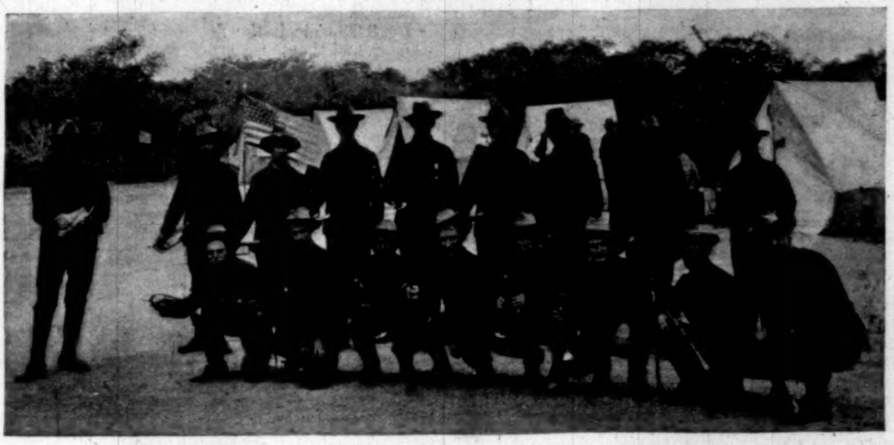

Frederic Remington

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding Cavalry Division, Tampa.

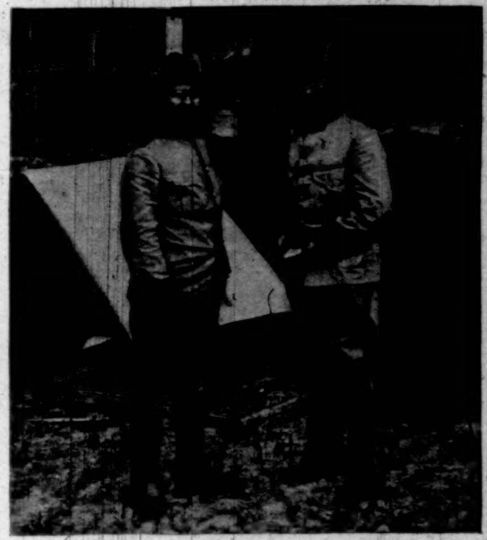
SOME NOTABLE GENERAL OFFICERS AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT TAMPA.



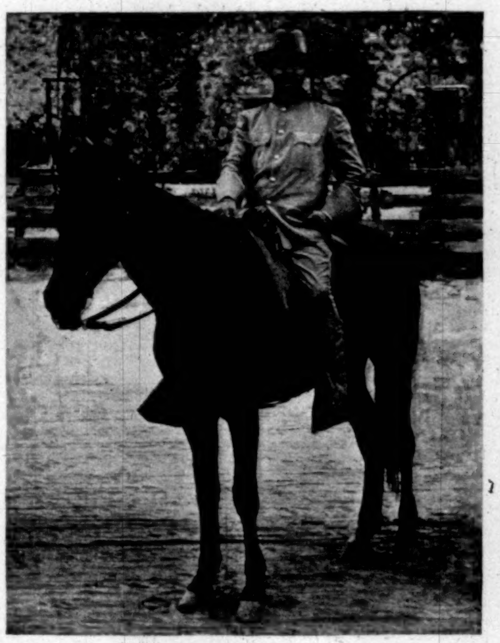
THE PICKET LINE.
Horses in the Foreground and Mule Pack-Train in the Distance.



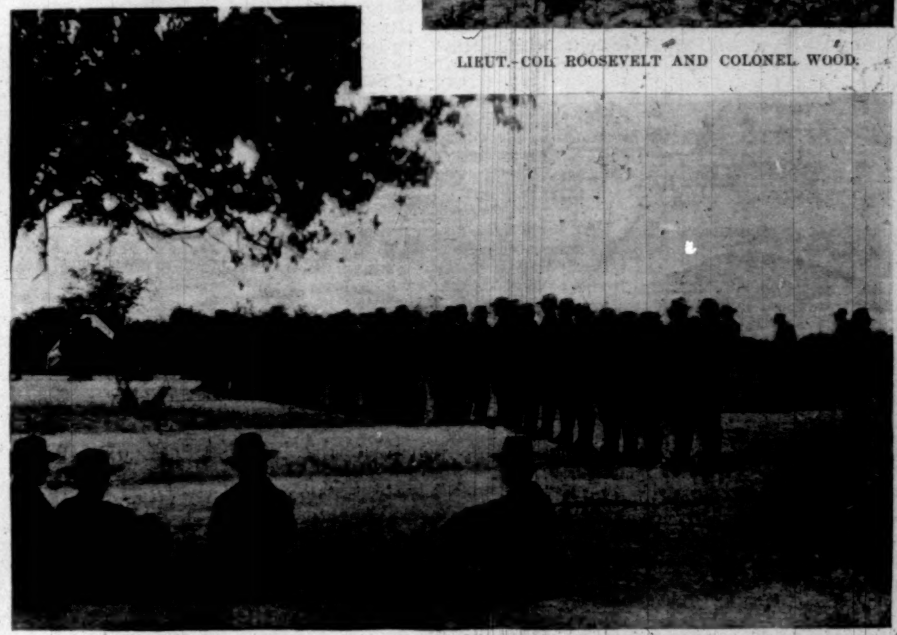
CHIEF TRUMPETER AND TRUMPETERS.



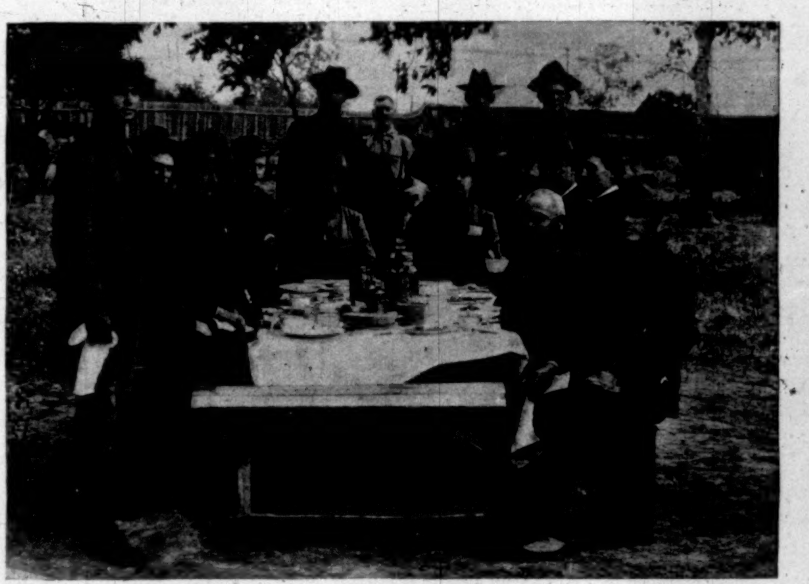
LIEUT.-COL. ROOSEVELT AND COLONEL WOOD.



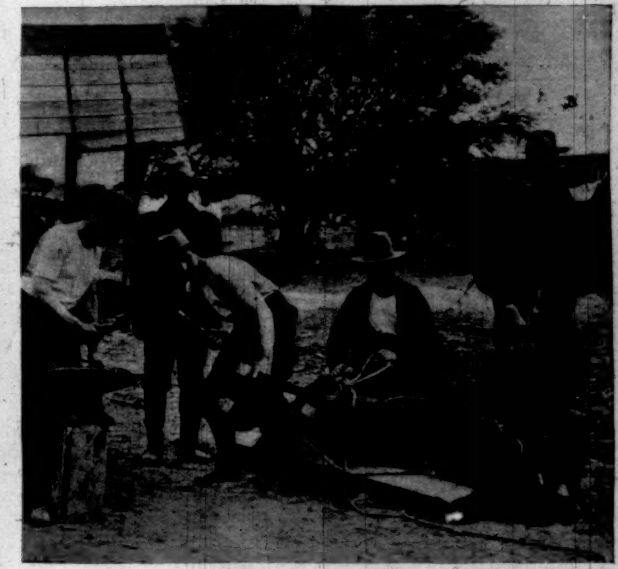
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT.



GUARD-MOUNT.



OFFICERS' MESS—AT DINNER.



SHOEING WILD BRONCOS.

WITH ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Despatch-Boat "Kanapaha," *May 13, 1898.*

From where the water shoals in delicate tints of emerald and pale blue over the coral reefs of Key West to the windy reaches of Mona Passage, where the trade-winds whip the racing seas around the shores of Porto Rico, is a long journey at best, and when it is dragged out for a week under the fierce sun and in the slow progress of fleet formation, with the constant outlook for the enemy, with recoaling, and drills, and circling in wide curves to avoid the sight of land and news being cabled of the presence of a fleet, it becomes twice long, and only to the patient courage of sailors can such days of slow tedium and tiring drills be thoroughly appreciated or understood. Verily to keep one's temper and nerves in hand at such times is a no small task, and if greater is he who keepeth his temper than he who taketh a city, then are these men already great, for their patience is not exhausted nor their endurance overdrawn.

What hours of building up and preparation and watchfulness are required to develop the perfect fighting man and machine of to-day! As long as the ship is building—and it takes years to build a battle-ship—so long and longer it takes to develop the skilled officer and seaman. What shifting of material, conning every man's fitness, and testing each one's ability, till the ship and squadron shall be in absolute trim to meet the foe, to show its mettle, and fulfil its purpose!

No more hasty hurrying into battle half prepared, as poor Lawrence did with his ill-fated ship. To do so now would be more certain and terrible defeat. The engines of modern warfare, more swift than those of old, must be known, controlled, and held in leash with perfect skill till the hour strikes.

In judging the results of any modern naval engagement, here is what will hold the balance that makes for victory or defeat. Given the men and valor, the efficiency that comes of long-continued and exacting drill will win every time.

All day on Tuesday, the 3d of May, a fleet of colliers was busy about the big ships *New York*, *Iowa*, and *Indiana*, off Key West. The work of recoaling was going on. Tugs and despatch-boats puffed about, and in the harbor, now crowded with vessels, the cruisers *Detroit* and *Montgomery* were also preparing for another week of activity. Coal and water are necessities of life to these modern ships, and rumor was rife that some new and important move was about to be made.

At midnight the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Detroit* moved silently away to the southward, and soon after daylight the *New York* followed after them, travelling at a rapid rate, and leaving a trail of black smoke and tumbling water. Soon after twelve o'clock, having come up with the fleet off the Cuban coast to the eastward of Havana, signals were made from the flag-ship, and the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Detroit*, followed by the *New York*, moved off to the eastward. The day was fine, and as the ships steamed swiftly along, it seemed at last that we were to see something more than blockading duty. Matanzas was passed at 3 P.M., and at nine o'clock we had Cardenas light full on our beam and showing dimly on the horizon in the track of the moon.

This was the rendezvous. The Monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite* were soon made out coaling from a big collier; further away the *Montgomery* and *Porter* appeared, the ships forming two long lines, with the collier *Niagara* and the armed tug *Wompatuck* and some despatch-boats making a third. Dim and black and distant they looked in the gloom, and silently they rose and fell on the swell of the sea, while the night blew the spray across their decks and piped its melody through the iron stays and signal-halyards of their scant rigging, while signal-lights flashed their silent messages.

What mysterious errand are we on? Is it Porto Rico and the Spanish fleet, or Santiago de Cuba? Why the gathering of this powerful squadron?—were the questions we asked as we watched the scene. At 10.30 P.M. the fleet moved silently off, steering due east, the most distant ships lost to sight in the darkness. When morning came the *New York* took the Monitor *Terror* in tow, the *Iowa* the *Amphitrite*, and the *Montgomery* the *Porter*, forming the first line, with the collier and despatch-boats behind them, and the *Detroit* and *Indiana* bringing up the rear. At nine o'clock a Spanish bark appeared down to the southward under full sail and painted white. She made a fine sight as she bowled along over the blue sea; her captain proudly hung out his flag, and the *Montgomery*, being nearest, took possession of her, to the chagrin of the Spanish captain, who did not know that war had been declared. She was the *Lorenzo* of Barcelona, bound from Argentina to Havana with a cargo of beef.

Day after day the fleet steamed slowly along, the usual drills going on, and nothing eventful occurring to mark the time; no flags were shown by day nor lights at night, save necessary signals, which would flash for an instant and then disappear. On some of the ships we noticed a small canvas awning spread over the lookout in the highest fighting-top, which showed a thought for the men, for the sun blazes hot in these latitudes; and yet the quarter-deck people had to do without awnings, and to keep in the shade the best they could. Passing near the *Detroit* one day, we saw a small American flag stuck on the breech of the after 5-inch gun. The patriotic gun-captain put it there, and it meant his sentiments about his flag and his gun.

Wednesday afternoon, the 11th, at ten minutes past five, Admiral Sampson transferred his flag from the *New York* to the *Iowa*. The marines presented arms and the bluejackets lined the rail; no other ceremony, and in a few minutes the *Iowa* steamed off, taking place at the head of the line. The Monitors, which had been towed most of the way to save their coal, were now under their own steam, and slopped along through the heavy swell after the other ships, and bringing up the rear, with the cruisers acting as scouts. The night came on dark and cloudy, the ships moving silent as ghosts—a phantom fleet they seemed, but for one small red light that burned at the stern of the *Iowa*.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

At 3 A.M. on May 12 the fleet was off San Juan, the light showing for a time, but about 3.30 going out suddenly. With a glass the lights of the town could be plainly seen, and low in the sky a waning moon shed its pale glow over the rough sea and looming masses of the ships. The single red light showing only from the rear told the fleet the position of the flag-ship, the *Iowa*. Not a single light showed from any other ship, nor was there a sound, except the swash of the water and the piping wind that whistled softly through the rigging. The moon, hidden at times behind dark masses of clouds, gave the scene a weird and romantic aspect. Soon the first streaks of dawn lighted up the gloomy hills, and made the position of our ships and the harbor and forts plain enough. We were right off the entrance of the harbor, and in advance and close in were the *Wompatuck*, *Porter*, and *Detroit*, followed by the *Iowa*. The *Wompatuck* seemed to be cautiously approaching the entrance to the port. She had gone in to put down stake-boats as steering-guides. The Monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite* were close on our port side at this time, and we crossed the bows of the *Terror* to get to windward and be in position for a better view of what might follow. The ships were lined up in fighting order, but perfectly silent, and no flag or sign of activity on any of them. The *Wompatuck* disappeared for a time under the shadow of the land, and then reappeared to our sight, steaming slowly about. At this moment the *Iowa* broke out a large American flag at the fore, followed immediately by all the other ships, and in an instant or two afterward the dull boom of a gun sounded across the water. It was from the *Iowa*. Then the *Detroit*, farther in and right under the guns of Morro, burst into flames and smoke. It seemed a minute or two before any reply came from the fort, but it was probably much less. A flash and puff of white smoke from Morro, and the engagement was on, and flash and heavy thunder of guns reverberating among the hills followed rapidly. The first shots from the *Iowa* and *Indiana* fell short, sending up spurts of water immediately under the fort. The *New York*, following, seemed to have the range better, and clouds of heavy yellow dust hung over the spots where her 8-inch guns had struck.

At this time the *Detroit* was pouring in a perfect fury of fire, her guns making a continuous flare and roar, so it became impossible to distinguish the Monitors and the *Montgomery*, which had come into action. All this time the torpedo-boat *Porter* was lying close in, her flags flying out defiantly, and occasionally taking a shot with her small guns. The big ships drawing out of action at this time, she became a mark for the fire of all three batteries, and the water spurted up in jets all about her; but Fremont seemed to enjoy it, and did not budge an inch. The *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *New York*, and Monitors having gone out of range, the fire of Morro and San Cristobal batteries was concentrated on the *Detroit*, which lay quite close in off the Carmelo water battery, which the *Detroit* completely silenced after a time. The *Montgomery* during this first attack lay astern of the *Detroit*, and directed her fire against Carmelo. She was signalled, however, to drop out of the line of fire, to give the heavier ships a better chance. So, to their sorrow, the *Montgomery* people did not have all the opportunity they wanted to distinguish themselves.

At eight minutes past six the *Iowa*, having made a wide circle, came back to the attack, followed closely by the *Indiana* and *New York*, and reserving her fire till close in front of Morro, began with her forward 12-inch guns. The first two shots struck fair and square on the top of the hill and among the buildings of Morro, sending up a vast cloud of sickly yellow dust, that hung there for some minutes; this was followed by her broadside battery, which for the time seemed to silence the fire of Morro completely, San Cristobal and San Geronimo keeping up a continuous fire, however. The *Indiana* followed quickly the *Iowa*, the heavy roar of her 13-inch guns reverberating like the heaviest thunder, and the flash of fire followed by the thick yellow smoke completely obscured her for the instant; from the *New York* came the thunder of her 8-inch guns, and from the two Monitors the deep roar of their 10-inch turret guns. The scene at this time was grand and awe-inspiring. The crest of the high hill on which San Juan is situated was wreathed in circles of pale smoke hanging in curious forms about the guns, and relieved by the blue mountains beyond. Glimpses of the buildings of the town, fort, and barracks could be seen at times, while the flash and roar of the guns came steadily from all the batteries. Close in under the shore, which is backed to the west of the harbor by high ranges of hills, lay the ships, flame and smoke bursting from their sides; all around them, over, and short of them fell the fire of the forts' shells from the old guns of Morro, bursting in the air, and jets of white water showing where solid shot had struck. Every instant or two the deeper roar of a 13-inch gun would swell the chorus, and along the top of the hill, and particularly about Morro, hung a heavy mass of dust and débris, spreading out and sinking slowly, and telling where the shots were falling. Still the forts were not silenced, though their fire slackened perceptibly during this attack. We were lying at this time to windward of the fleet and about three or four miles off San Geronimo, making a fair target for their modern 8-inch guns, which had been well served, and had kept up a continuous fire; not being in range of the fleet, they had not suffered, and while the ships were drawn off to form for the third attack, they paid us the compliment of firing at us. The first shot was wide of the mark, but the second whistled unpleasantly near overhead, while the third came so near that had there been a fraction of an inch less elevation to that gun we would certainly have been struck; as it was, it passed over our heads and struck the water 100 yards beyond.

At 7.22 the *Iowa* again returned off the fort, firing slowly and with accuracy, and followed by the *Indiana* and *New York*. The *Iowa* fired only once from her forward turret guns this time, but remained for some time under the fire of the fort, a shell from Morro bursting over her and splintering one of her whale-boats, injuring slightly three men stationed at the secondary battery. The *Porter* had been signalled to leave her dangerous position, and moved over near the *Iowa*. At least a dozen shots fell in the water about them, sending up spurts of foam and doing no harm. The *Indiana* and *New York* remained in front of the forts nearly half an hour, pouring in a slow but careful fire, that at times covered the hills with dust and obscured the ships in their own smoke. When they drew off, as they did at a few minutes past eight o'clock, the *Terror* and *Amphitrite* remained, and the latter continued for some time to pour a heavy fire into the forts, whose fire was now coming slowly and at intervals, San Cristobal and San Geronimo alone keeping up a regular fire.

While the firing was at its height smoke and flames came from the buildings on the hill, and at one time the whole place seemed to be ablaze. From the opening of the engagement the entire city of San Juan was in a state of dreadful panic. It was known three days before, by cable from Cape Haiti, that Sampson's fleet was on its way to Porto Rico, and many of the inhabitants had fled inland, but when the opening guns announced the arrival of the enemy the rush to get out of town became a panic, people paying any price for carriages to drive ten miles into the country. San Juan lies on the inner side of a high hill, the northern side of which is crowned by the fortifications. Owing to the heavy swell and consequent uncertainty of elevation, many shots from the ships fell into the town, destroying buildings, public and private, with a loss of life that is not known to us at present.

In the harbor were a number of neutral vessels. Among them the French steam-frigate *Amiral Rigault de Genouilly*. This vessel arrived at St. Thomas the next day, and we learned from her that many shots had fallen about her, but had fortunately not struck near enough to do any damage.

Soon after eight o'clock the firing ceased entirely, except for an occasional shot from the forts that did no harm.

By 8.30 o'clock the fleet had been drawn off out of danger, and then we learned that the *New York* had also been struck by a shell, that burst over the port 8-inch broadside gun, killing one man, able-seaman Frank Wildmark, and injuring Samuel Feltman (leg broken), ordinary seaman, and Michael Murphy, William Rupp, and Michael Spron slightly.

The port waist search-light was smashed to pieces, and four ventilators were pierced by pieces of shell.

None of the other ships were struck at all, and no one was injured. The *Detroit* was under fire longer than any other vessel, and had any number of narrow escapes, but was not even scratched. She fired 180 shots in all, and we could not resist giving her a cheer as we passed by, which the *Detroit* Jackies returned with a will. We hailed the *Amphitrite* and asked if any one was hurt, to which was replied, "No."

"Were you struck at all?"

"No."

Then, as we turned away, they hailed us and said: "Yacht there! We had a first-rate time, thank you."

All the way down to San Juan we had kept near the *Terror*, so when we asked if any of her crew had been injured, they said, "Not at all"; and then remarked that "they had missed us from their starboard beam"—which would not have been a cool spot for us that morning.

The disappointment among Sampson's men at not meeting the Spanish fleet was very keen, from the Admiral down. They had come for that purpose, and not to take San Juan, and so if the finish of that work was not complete on the morning of May 12, it was not for inability to take or to hold the Porto Rican city, but to save their shots for the Spanish fleet if it should care to come.

Americans who object to the cruelties of war, and may not approve Admiral Sampson's action, should read the remarks of the San Juan press on Yankees, and what they would like to do with them. To my mind, they got off with a very light punishment; but the end is not yet.

Carlton T. Chapman.

THE MEN OF THE "MAINE."

Not in the dire, ensanguined front of war,
Conquered or conqueror,
'Mid the dread battle-peal, did they go down
To the still under-seas, with fair Renown
To weave for them the hero-martyr's crown.
They struck no blow
'Gainst an embattled foe;
With valiant-hearted Saxon hardihood
They stood not as the *Essex* sailors stood,
So sore bestead in that far Chilian bay;
Yet no less faithful they,
These men who, in the passing of a breath,
Were hurtled upon death.

No warning the salt-scented sea-wind bore,
No presage whispered from the Cuban shore
Of the appalling fate
That in the tropic night-time lay in wait
To bear them whence they shall return no more,
Some lapsed from dreams of home and love's clear star
Into a realm where dreams eternal are;
And some into a world of wave and flame
Wherethrough they came
To living agony that no words can name.
Tears for them all,
And the low-tuned dirge funereal!

Their place is now
With those who wear, green-set about the brow,
The deathless immortelles,—
The heroes torn and scarred
Whose blood made red the barren ocean dells,
Fighting upon the stanch *Bon Homme Richard*
With him who dared what none had dared before—
To wave the New World banner, freedom-starred,
At England's very door!
Yea, with such noble ones their names shall stand
As those who heard the dying Lawrence speak
His burning words upon the *Chesapeake*,
And grappled in the hopeless hand to hand;
With those who fell on Erie and Champlain
Beneath the pouring, pitiless battle-rain:
With such as these, our lost men of the *Maine!*

What though they faced no storm of iron hail
That freedom and the right might still prevail?
The path of duty it was theirs to tread
To death's dark vale through ways of travail led,
And they are ours,—our dead!
If it be true that each loss holds a gain,
It must be ours through saddened eyes to see
From out this tragic holocaust of pain
The whole land bound in closer amity.

Clinton Scollard.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, in preferring active service in the field to the important place he filled in the Navy Department, only gave practical evidence of the strength of an opinion long held and clearly recorded. In one of the essays in his *American Ideals* he says:

> The men who have dared greatly in war, or the work that is akin to war, are those who deserve best of the country. None of our heroes of peace, save a few great constructive statesmen, can rank with our heroes of war.

Perhaps so; but wouldn't it be quite as true to say, "None of our heroes of war, save one or two great generals, can rank with our great constructive statesmen"? War and peace both contributed to Washington's renown, but the first place in the civil-war period belonged to a man who served his country, in Washington, in black clothes. If Colonel Roosevelt holds that Lincoln's work was "akin to war," as much can be said for his own recent labors as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Few generals in the field in the civil war served their country to better purpose than Stanton, or are likely to outrank him in history. The men who deserve best of their country are not necessarily either the heroes of war or the heroes of peace, but the men who have shown themselves to be the right men in the right places.

It is interesting to observe that Mr. Bryan seems to be moved by the same sentiment which Mr. Roosevelt has expressed about the advantageous opportunity for distinction that military service offers. He gives evidence of being sincerely desirous of smelling powder, and finding hinderances to his desire to lead a regiment to Cuba, he is trying, according to latest reports, to get an appointment to a place on the staff of General Wheeler. And if General Wheeler desires that the appointment may be made, here's hoping that Mr. Bryan may get it. He is certainly a representative citizen, and if he wants a chance to serve the country in the field it will seem a hardship if he does not have it.

At the meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, on the evening of May 24, in New York, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University made an interesting summary of the situation when he said that the four great forces with which persons who work for the betterment of society have to contend are infirmity, ignorance, appetite, and sloth. Against the first two, he said, progress is being made. Infancy and senility are being looked after, and the problem of caring for the weak and physically helpless has been worked out. His news of the fight against appetite and sloth was less satisfactory. Of the former, he said, "I don't know that we have made any progress against that evil in modern times"; and of sloth, "Perhaps we are gaining in that, but I doubt it."

It is a dull season when Barnard College is not perishing for lack of timely funds. Her effort this spring is to raise $100,000 to pay a debt incurred for the equipment of the new property of the college. On May 13, $23,000 of this amount had been subscribed, and $25,000 more had been promised by a woman whose identity has not yet been divulged, on condition that the balance of $52,000 should be raised by October 3. Subscriptions to complete the fund are earnestly desired.

It has been disclosed that Mr. Laurence Hutton has ceased to contribute to Harper's Magazine the reviews of books which form the last department of each issue, and that his successor in the place that he has filled so long and so acceptably is Mr. John K. Bangs. It must not be supposed, however, that because Mr. Hutton has given up his department in the Magazine he has said good-by to the readers of the Harper publications. The habits of a lifetime (almost) are not so easily discontinued as that. A man whose occupation has been literary as long as Mr. Hutton's has must go on writing, both to satisfy his own instincts and to pay the debt he owes to thousands of friendly readers. He will continue to write, and his name will continue to appear often in the publications in which it has long been honored and familiar, and if he spends less of his time in future in reviewing books, there will be so much more leisure coming to him for the making of other records and the setting forth of things equally indispensable, and doubtless of a more permanent literary value. So Mr. Hutton has only changed his chair and not his headquarters, and we have no occasion yet to say good-by to him.

In spite of war-times and the prevalent tendency to concentrate the mind on newspapers, the international literary weekly, Literature, continues to grow in grace and strength, and especially in attractiveness for American readers. The discourses on American books and literary forces and tendencies by Mr. Henry James have proved even more edifying than was to be expected, and have furnished food for reflection to readers and matter for discussion to many journals and periodicals. The paper's newest recruit is Mr. Howells, who makes his appearance in the issue of May 25, and whose contributions for the present will alternate with those of Mr. James.

If there are two Americans whose deliverances from week to week on literary topics and on books would be read with more interest by Americans than those of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, Literature certainly does not know where to find them. It is doubtful that they exist. Mr. James's point of view is not less valuable or interesting to American readers because it is not always that of his countrymen who stay at home. Mr. Howells's feelings and opinions about contemporary work and its value, comparative and absolute, are always his own, not reflected but produced, and have always the enlivening quality that comes from seasoned intelligence tempered by a vigorous individuality.

An esteemed one-cent journal speaks of "the Spanish treachery which caused the five deaths aboard the *Winslow*." Give the hidalgos their due. A masked battery isn't treachery. It is merely war. The rule that when a Spaniard is killed it is a case of American valor, and that when an American is killed it is a case of Spanish treachery, is liable, like other rules, to its exceptions.

On May 14 the Lowell Memorial Fund had reached $32,718, with two weeks left for its completion.

We have all lost an intimate, if not an old, friend in Mr. T. R. Lamont, associate of the Royal Water-Color Society, who died early in May of pneumonia in London. Readers who do not recognize his name will understand when they learn that he was the original of "The Laird" in *Trilby*. He and du Maurier were fellow-students of art. He was born sixty-five years ago, the son of a banker of Greenock, and as an artist worked chiefly with water-colors, though he also did much as an illustrator of books, and in black and white for the magazines. So we know now what became of "Little Billee" and "The Laird," and there is only "Taffy" left.

Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to *Pendennis*, in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray, has to do mainly with the educational period of her father's life. There is something more about the Charterhouse School, and about the young Thackeray's lack of affection for Doctor Russell, the head master. One of his companions there was the late Dean Liddell, to whose wife Thackeray once said, "Do you know that your husband ruined my prospects by doing my verses for me at school, and destroyed all my chances of self-improvement?" It seems that the elder boys at Charterhouse were obliged to learn all the odes of Horace by heart. That Thackeray staid long enough in the school to accomplish that feat does not appear, but it was there that his thorough assimilation of the Horatian measures began. At Cambridge began his acquaintance with Edward Fitzgerald, of whom Mrs. Ritchie says that her father's relations with him had perhaps some resemblance to those of Pendennis and Warrington. "And yet," she adds, "my father was not Pendennis, any more than the other was Warrington." It seems doubtful that Thackeray was ever quite so young as Pendennis is represented to have been while he was at "Oxbridge." Thackeray's intimacy with Fitzgerald did not develop until after their Cambridge days, and in that particular their friendship was like that of Pendennis and Warrington.

In the very earliest letters of Thackeray which are quoted in these biographical papers appear the evidences of that gift of expression which ripened into so admirable a style. In that particular, as well as in his drawings, the youth is clearly the father of the man.

A part, at least, of the dispute between the Medical College Laboratory in the City of New York and the New York University is likely to be settled in court. In a recent paragraph in the Weekly were stated the grounds for dissatisfaction, which led six professors of the New York University Medical College to resign and become members of the faculty of the new Cornell University Medical College. The six professors and their associates averred that the property of the Medical College Laboratory had been transferred to the New York University on conditions which had since been violated in important particulars. Chancellor MacCracken has since denied, in formal statements, both that the transfer of the property was conditional to a degree that interfered with the complete control of it by the authorities of the New York University, and also that the six bolting professors and their associates in defection had any reasonable grounds of dissatisfaction. There is no probability that the opinions of the six professors and the chancellor will ever be brought into agreement in this matter, but in so far as the judgment of a court can settle questions of fact or law, it is possible that the legality, at least, of the chancellor's actions may be determined by the lawsuit which the Medical College Laboratory has brought against the university for the recovery of its former property. This property, consisting chiefly of a building on East Twenty-sixth Street, worth with its furnishing $150,000, was conveyed to the university in February, 1897. Harmonious relations seem to have begun to be interrupted almost as soon as the property passed.

It has been said of Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* that it set a great many people to thinking. So it did, but, so far, those who have tried to put the thoughts it inspired into practical operation have all made bad work of it. So far as appears, efforts to put Mr. Bellamy's ideas in operation have now pretty much ceased. Yet for a time they were very prevalent, and clubs abounded about Boston and in many parts of the country the purpose of which was to induce the approach of a millennium on the Bellamy system.

Looking Backward was a good book to read, even if, as yet, it hasn't changed the order of civilization. It may be said of it, too, that the ideas which it put into people's heads are still there, and may yet be fruitful of modified results even though they are never fully realized. The general idea of the book, that folks ought to work together for good, and that if they did they would find a huge profit in it, has too much truth to be forgotten.

Mr. Bellamy's writings undoubtedly made some mischief, and brought loss and disappointment to a good many worthy and enthusiastic persons. Yet no one thinks of him as a mischievous man or a demagogue. The purity of his purposes has never been questioned, and thousands of readers who have merely found entertainment in his writings think of him with regard, and regret his early death. He was born at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, in 1850, and was the son of a Baptist minister. *Looking Backward* was published in 1888, and is believed to have had a sale of as many as a million copies. His last book, *Equality*, is reported to have sold well too, but the general verdict is that it is a good deal less interesting than its predecessor, and that it does not make up in instructiveness for what it lacks in entertainment.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, has made a good many persons angry by the opinions attributed to him about the rest of the Americans. He is quoted as saying that it is characteristic of us to be trifling; that we have acquired the varnish of civilized life without having our natures refined; that we are a good-natured people, gifted with a fatal optimism, with no serious thought of any of the grave duties of life; and that we have no fine sense of honor, and cannot distinguish between what is honest and what is dishonest. "I feel, with Horace Walpole," he is quoted, "that I could be proud of my country if it were not for my countrymen."

That seems to us a pretty hard saying, yet we must remember that it conveys substantially the same sentiment which we have been taught to believe has been repeatedly entertained by the Almighty since he made the earth. The Jewish writers constantly represent the Creator as pleased with His terrestrial composition, but desperately out of humor with the folks on it. Professor Norton has not, of course, expected that we would be pleased by his deliverances about us. We think no small potatoes of ourselves, and it is not in nature that we should like to be told that we are smudges on the fair face of creation. Shall we then be angry with him and call him names? A truculent contemporary in Rochester, the *Democrat and Chronicle*, suggests "trifling with him with the aid of a little tar, a few feathers, and a sharp-edged rail." There is that in Professor Norton that warrants the opinion that he would ride a rail in a dress of tar and feathers, in the cause of free speech and of what he believes is truth, with as much heroism as any son of New England that ever was born. But he is not a man with whom blackguards would do well to meddle either in print or otherwise. Nor is he a man to be angry with because of any honest criticism which he sees fit to divulge. If he were a selfish person or not a patriot, it might be different. But if he laments, it is not because he despises his country, but because he loves it. We may hear him with respect, as Englishmen were wont to hear John Ruskin, even though his opinions seem to be based on standards which are not ours, and in which, on the whole, we have not confidence. Our civilization and our literature have profited by his labors throughout a long and diligent life. His opinions now will do no one any harm, and may do some persons some good. At least, they will be endured with equanimity by every one who knows him.

That historic regiment, the Sixth Massachusetts, which marched through Baltimore on April 19, and shed some of the first blood of the civil war, has new associations with Baltimore now. It was invited to stop there on its way South, and receiving permission from the War Department, it accepted. It did not stop long, but it had a great time. Baltimore turned out to meet it, and it marched across the city from station to station through streets lined with cheering multitudes, whose enthusiasm seemed to have no limitations save those of physical strength. The Mayor addressed the Massachusetts men, and presented them with a big floral shield inscribed "Maryland to Massachusetts. Flowers, not Bullets. God bless you and bring you safely home." To each soldier, too, was given a ration of selected food in an ornamental lunch-box inscribed with hospitable and patriotic sentiments, among them this, "May the memory of 1861 be effaced by the welcome of 1898."

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish traveller, of whose extended and remarkable travels in Central Asia there has already been published some preliminary account, has lately been to London to receive the gold medal voted to him by the Geographical Society, and the fellow of which goes to Lieutenant Peary. Dr. Hedin's full narrative of his explorations and adventures is finished as written, and the English translation of it is now being made. It will appear before long, and will be published in this country by the Harpers.

Here is a paragraph out of a recent letter from Shanghai, China:

> Everything here in China is war just now. Our U. S. fleet sailed for Manila four days ago, and of course I am exceedingly anxious. Allan is going to have special duty of countermining for torpedoes, which may be a compliment to his superior knowledge on the subject; but I wrote to him yesterday that I would much prefer him to be a fool and stay at home with me.

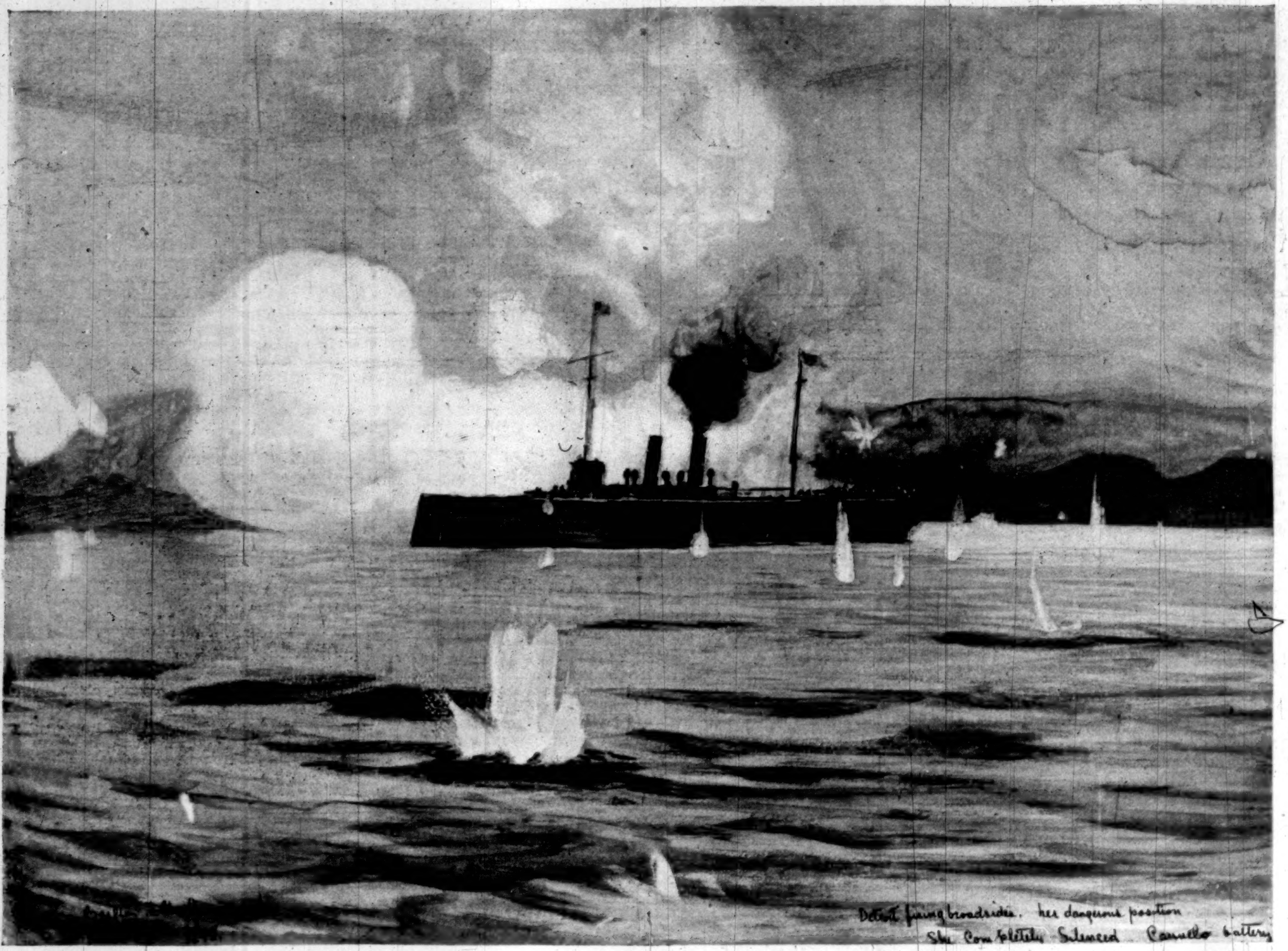
Allan was doubtless glad he went. We know now that, whether or not he countermined, he was not hurt.

The reference in the Weekly of May 21 to the antiquity of the expression "are, and of right ought to be," has stirred Mr. Alexander Brown to trace that expression back to a Parliamentary use much earlier than either heretofore cited. He writes:

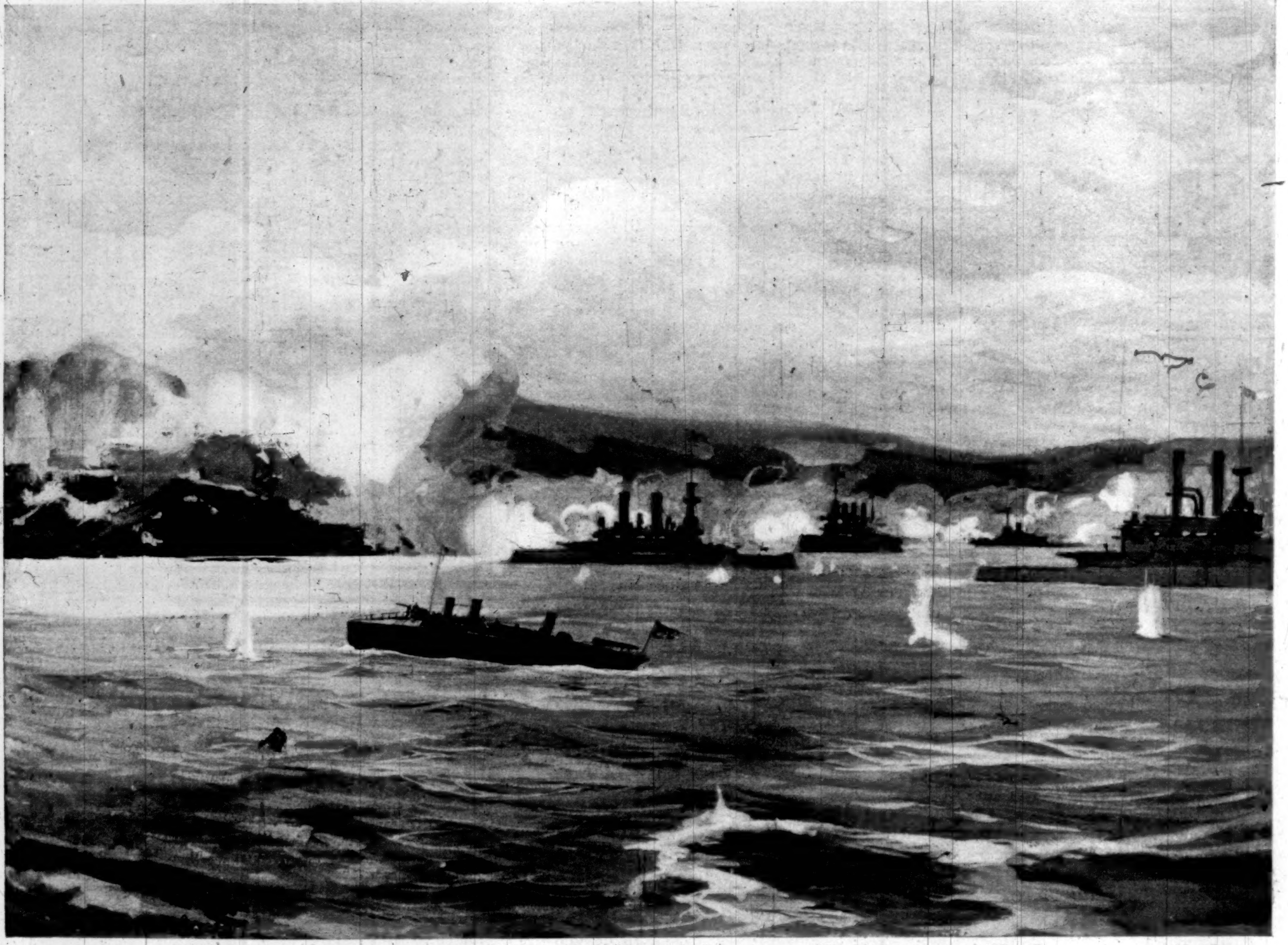
> Sir Edwin Sandys and other members of the patriot party were advocating in Parliament, during April and May, 1621, additional liberties for the colony which they were then establishing in Virginia, and defending the liberties of the subject from the encroachments of the crown, with especial reference to free fishing on the New England coast; but James I. put a stop to their proceeding in June by proroguing Parliament to November, and by arresting Sandys and some of his party friends.
>
> When Parliament reassembled in November, it promptly protested against the arrest of these members during the recess, and the final result of this was the celebrated protestation of December 18 (28), 1621, which contains the expression "*every member of the House hath—and of right ought to have, freedom of speech,*" etc.
>
> It may be that this expression can be traced farther back than this, but its connection with this republic was first recorded on the page of the Commons Journal, which was torn out by James I. on January 9, 1622 (N. S.), which act Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, thought "the best thing that has happened in the interest of Spain since Luther began to preach heresy a hundred years ago"; but Gondomar was mistaken. If he could have read the handwriting on the wall, he would have seen the same influences which inspired those patriots to use this expression in their protest in behalf of the liberty of the subject afterwards cause our forefathers to do likewise in our Declaration of Independence, and again to inspire its use in behalf of the liberty of the subject in the recent resolutions of Congress about Cuba.

War has not been used to be considered an efficient promoter of domestic life, but certainly marriage is, and war—this present Yanko-Spanko war, at least—seems decidedly a promoter of marriage. We have read repeatedly of recruits who have had short furloughs to get married in; we have read of persons, not themselves personally concerned in the existing hostilities, who have plunged into matrimony because their relatives were plunging into war. Then, most conspicuous of all, is the case of General Merritt, whose engagement was announced on the eve of his departure for Manila. War, in its threat of prospective absence, seems to make the heart beat with a peremptory fondness. There will be a whole crop of Spanish war alliances for the romancers to trace and record before existing agitations are over.

E. S. Martin.


Detroit firing broadsides. her dangerous position
She Completely Silenced Carmello battery

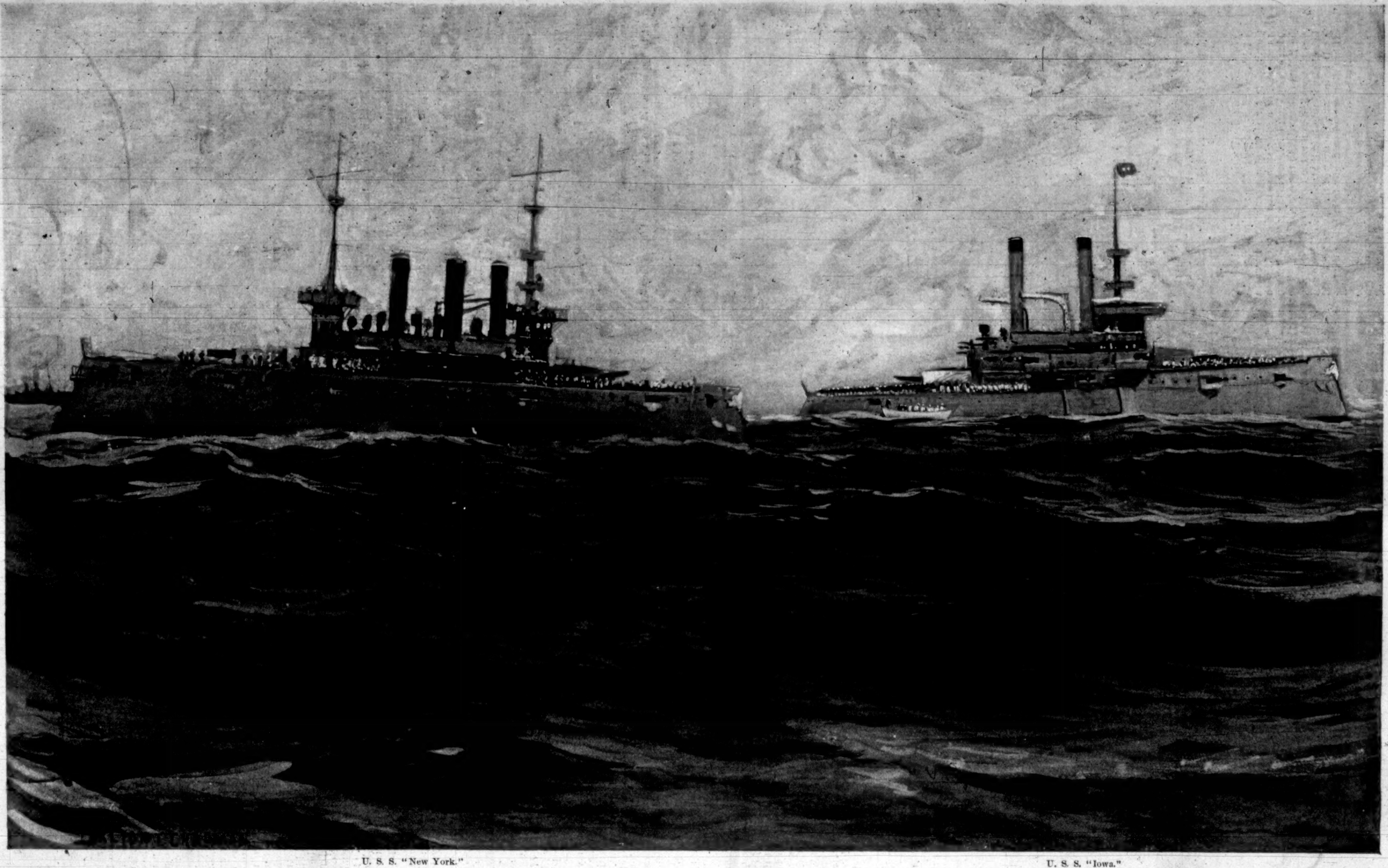
"NEVER TOUCHED HER!"—THE "DETROIT" SILENCES CARMELO BATTERY AND COMES OUT UNSCATHED.


Dust from exploding Shells.
"Detroit" hidden by Smoke.
"Amphitrite" (behind "Iowa").
Morro Castle.
"Porter."
"Indiana" firing her 13-inch Guns.
"New York."
"Terror."
"Iowa."

THE ATTACK ON MORRO.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN DE PORTO RICO, MAY 12, 1898.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.


U. S. S. "New York."
U. S. S. "Iowa."

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN—ADMIRAL SAMPSON TRANSFERS HIS FLAG TO THE "IOWA," MAY 11, 5.10 P.M., SAN JUAN BEARING S.S.E. ABOUT SEVENTY MILES.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with the Fleet.—[See Page 538.]

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

IV.—WITH THE TROOPS BOUND FOR CUBA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

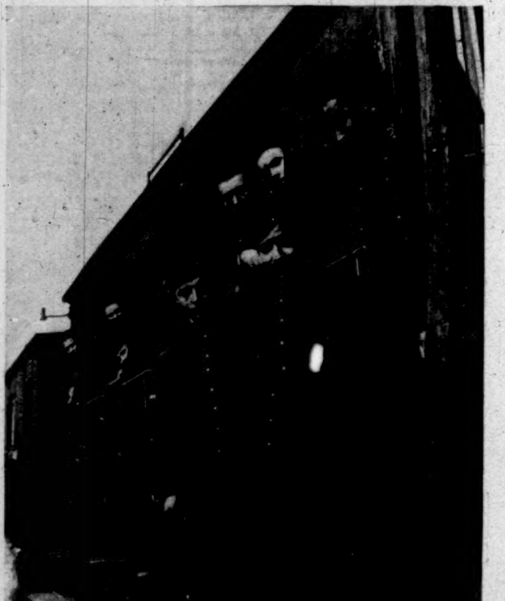
IT was between Vitoria and Burgos that an accident to one of our bikes forced us to take train to the next town which promised a repair shop. It was dusk, and the train was behind its time—to which two circumstances I owe one of the most entertaining railway trips of my life. As the long creaking concatenation of dirty cars drew up at our little station, every window showed soldiers peering eagerly out into the twilight. This was just what we wanted. But officers alighted, so soon as the train stopped, and commenced inspecting the third-class carriages to see if no one had deserted between the stations. I had no mind to risk anything by asking questions; so, tipping the wink to my companions, we disappeared behind the last carriage of the train, and waited until the signal to start had sounded. We heard the doors banging and the whistle sound. Then we made a dash for the foot-board of the nearest third-class carriage, and when the train had attained full headway we showed our heads to a carful of Spanish riflemen, and were at once made free of their mess—that is to say, dragged bodily into their midst. We did not open conversation by boasting of our citizenship at home. For the moment we were content that our reputation should rest under a cloud, and we therefore told them that we had just come from London, and were on a bicycling tour to Madrid. At once their hearts opened to us, and also their haversacks. They were soldiers, they said, and could sympathize with us in the hardships before us. They offered us their skins of wine, and we, in turn, treated them to cigarettes, and to some chocolate that had given two-thirds of our party a violent attack of indigestion.

The Spanish third-class carriage is eminently sociable. The seats, to be sure, face one another, as in England, but the partitions between the different compartments are no higher than the shoulder, and thus a whole car-load of sixty-odd can make merry together as one company.

The wine-skin passed from mouth to mouth several times at short intervals, and of course we excited much merriment by our clumsy efforts to pour the thin stream of wine down our throats while holding the skin at arm's-length. Whenever the wine squirted into our eyes or down our necks there was, of course, a shout of laughter, in which we all joined.

Spain is the country of cheap wine, which is at the same time insidiously strong. There being little else to do but to drink one another's health, and to laugh at our clumsy attempts to squirt a stream into our mouths at long range, no wonder that we soon became convivial, and let ourselves loose after the manner of grown-up boys generally.

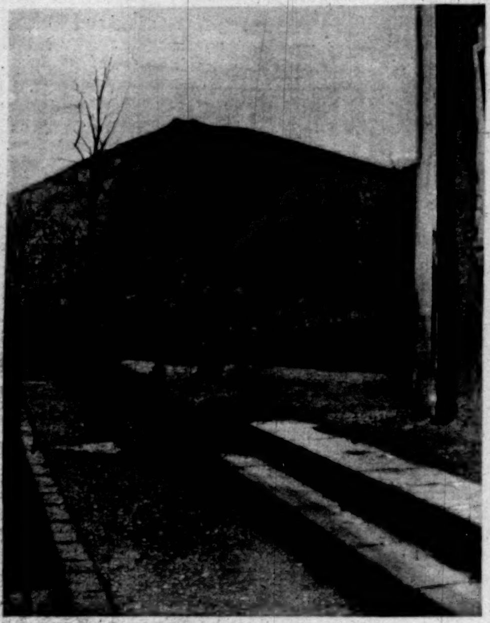
Next to me sat a rifleman of the Second Battalion—Rodrigues, he said, his name was. We swore eternal friendship, in evidence of which he volunteered a song, which he regarded as replete with tender emotion. Love is the monopoly of no single country, and the song of love is the one in which has been displayed the highest lyrical capacity of poets and composers, from Apollo and Sappho to Tom Moore and Gounod. Rodrigues was doing his best, and his fellow-warriors listened with admiration, watching us meanwhile for signs of appreciation. It was a wailing nasal sort of a song, such as the blacks of South Africa sing all day long; it is heard in the Moorish bazars, from the Pillars of Hercules to the edges of India. The Bulgarian shepherd sings it at the mouth of the Danube, and I have heard its refrain in the tea-houses of Kyoto and Peking. It is, in short, the song of the savage the world over. It has disappeared gradually from before the people of Schubert and Beethoven, but lingers obstinately among those whose blood is tinged with that of the gypsy and the Moor. Rodrigues was from Toledo, the old Moorish stronghold, and his looks did not belie him. As I watched his swarthy features in the fitful light of the feeble lamp, I realized that the uniform he wore was but a thin veneer of civilization, after all. He would have looked and felt more at home with a turban on his head and a belt full of pistols and knives. That evening I preferred to be his friend rather than his enemy.



SECOND BATTALION SPANISH FUSILEERS LEAVING VALLADOLID FOR CUBA, MARCH 19, 1898.
With these Men we rode Six Hours in a third-class Carriage.

There was a guitar somewhere in the background, which strummed a mechanical sort of minor. The performer appeared to be asleep—perhaps he was. Indeed, there is a quality to this savage music which makes all accompaniment a mere matter of a minor strum on one key, or the beating of a tomtom with the occasional click of a castanet. No American familiar with our people of African descent will be surprised at the popular music south of the Pyrenees.

There was a chorus to the song of Rodrigues, and it was sung with force by the whole car-load, so that it must have penetrated to the locomotive. Then our turn came, and we put forward our tenor, who treated them to a bit of melody that had drawn thunderous applause from crowded houses in London, Paris, and New York. George sang his sweetest, and his audience listened to him with the characteristic courtesy of the Castilian soldier. George was even applauded—faintly, it is true, but yet enough to show that the company cherished no grudge on account of the music he had perpetrated. It was evident that George's music, whatever it might be to the degenerate ears in the great capitals, was not up to the level of the savage simplicity demanded by the occupants of a third-class carriage between Vitoria and Burgos.



FRONTIER GUARD AT SPANISH RAILWAY STATION.
He wears the national Basque Tam o' Shanter, and a Military Cloak much like that of the United States Army.

To take the taste of our tenor's song away, my warrior neighbor opposite—Domingo was his name—jumped up on to his bench and gave us a national song and dance. The song was of the Madrid café-chantant kind, and the dance of that ambiguous variety known as the danse du ventre. Domingo was from Madrid, and acted his part with much spirit, drawing furious applause from the delighted audience. We had intended telling Domingo that two of our party had been engaged for the principal parts in the leading opera company of England. It was well we did not. Domingo would have despised the musical taste of London.

I asked Rodrigues, in a lull between the songs and wine-skins, where his regiment was going.

"They say that we are bound for Granada—but we know what that means."

"What?" I asked, innocently, pretending not to know what he meant.

"Cuba!" was his laconic answer, full of eloquent pathos.

"But are you not delighted to go and fight for your country, and get medals, and come back covered with glory?"

He smiled bitterly, and the subject sobered him at once. He talked freely to all within range of his voice, making no attempt to keep his remarks for the stranger alone. His views were obviously shared by his comrades, for they not merely made no protest to what he said, but, on the contrary, nodded assent here and there, or even added corroborative testimony.

"If you would give me your clothes and take mine, I would slip over into France, and leave all the medals and glory to you, or to any one who wants them."

This produced affirmative grins and nods all around, and several made the motions of taking off their jackets and offering them to us. But even then our affection for them was not sufficient to induce us to embark for Cuba as their substitutes. Besides, it would have looked badly on the record had we turned up at Havana to discover that our first duty was to shoot at our own flesh and blood. That morning's papers had informed us that war was imminent, and I was more concerned with getting safely out of Spain by way of Paris than *vià* Havana. Besides, I pointed out to my Spanish friends that I had but the dress of a cyclist, and they would surely be caught in such a rig, even if they knew how to bike, which they did not.

Rodrigues was a bit dashed by all this. It did not occur to him that, even if he and two of his friends succeeded in making their escape in our clothes, there was good reason for thinking that we should have but a brief career in the Spanish army. The next day would probably find us with our backs to a wall, shot as spies.

"See that man there," said Rodrigues; "his brother died of the fever in Havana, and now he is going too. He won't be long on his legs. We all go out there, but nobody comes back, excepting the poor wretches shaken to pieces with the fever. They say we have 50,000 men dead or dying of the fever. Wherever I go I find people in mourning for their relatives who have been drafted to Cuba. I would not mind this dirty dog's life of a soldier if all had to serve—rich and poor alike. But no—the rich buy themselves a substitute and stay at home, so that the great mass of the army is made up of the most ignorant, the most dirty, and the most vicious part of the people."

My friend was obviously of superior breeding and education, and explained to me that his family was impoverished, and could not afford the 300 pesetas necessary for the purchase of his release. Consequently for three years this young man must remain in the ranks, amid social surroundings revolting to him, forced to be companion with a peasantry little superior to cattle in general intelligence, and, finally, forced to serve out of his country in a cause wholly indifferent to him, where the chances are that he will be shot, or, in any case, suffer permanent disability by reason of the fever. I have had that fever, and speak feelingly.

Then Domingo opened out a big parcel, which proved to be his military travelling-baggage. All the outfit was tied up in a big "bandanna," stamped with the red and yellow of Spain, and additionally marked with his name and number. As he opened his kit he told me that he and his mates suffered much at night with the cold; that they were insufficiently provided for, excepting in warm weather. This I could well understand after an inspection of their kit.

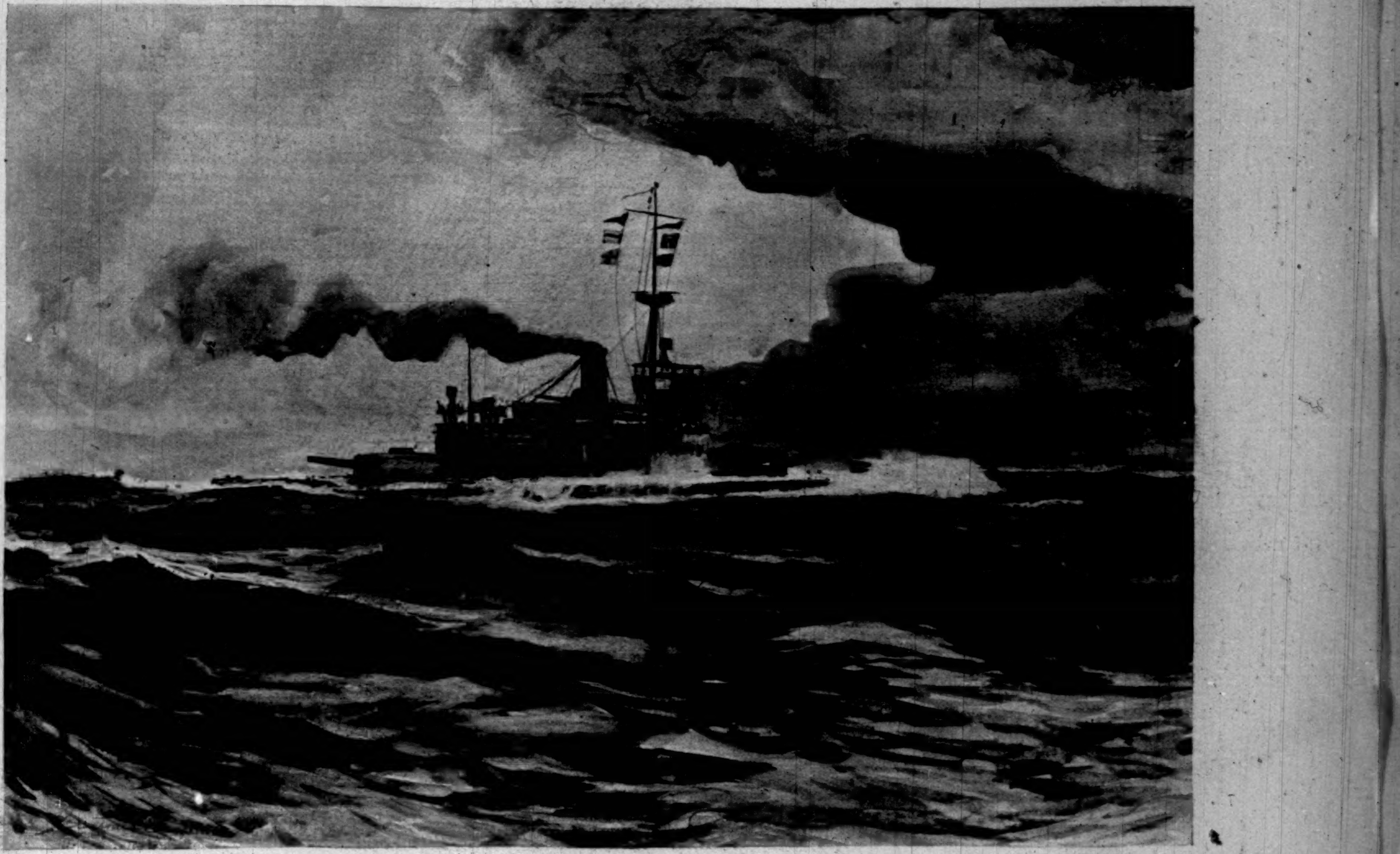
Brushes were the most conspicuous articles of their military baggage. I was shown a hair-brush, another for blacking, another for clothes, and yet another for polishing the boots. Then there was a piece of wood so slit as to be used for the cleaning of buttons, and of course another brush for cleaning these. I looked in vain for a tooth-brush. I presume my friend wore all the under-clothing allowed him by the government, for the nights were freezing cold. The only clothing I could discover in his kit consisted of a coarse cotton jacket and trousers for working-dress. The brushes were of the flabbiest kind, whose alleged bristles were no stronger than oakum. The government may have paid for real brushes, in which case a handsome profit must have been reaped by some contractor.

Rodrigues and Domingo were agreed that the Spanish soldier was not treated as he should be as regards the interior economy. His parade uniform is showy, to be sure, but he must remain satisfied with that. The government has money enough for the purpose of enrolling, uniforming, arming, and shipping to Cuba, but the detail of proper food and proper clothing appears to be left to the casual philanthropist. I could not help contrasting the bad outfit of these men, bound for the seat of war, with the ordinary kit of a British private, to say nothing of an American cavalryman. And yet these were picked troops, riflemen or sharp-shooters. There were in the same carriage some dragoons of a crack regiment, with a very showy uniform. But their kit indicated on the part of their superiors either indifference or something worse.

When we halted at a station our friends crowded to the windows and doors, and we took no particular pains to make our presence known. On the contrary, when at last the train slowed up at our destination in the middle of the night, we carefully dropped off on the side that concealed us from the railway officials, and more particularly from the officers in charge of these particular troops.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

GUARDA CIVIL AT RAILWAY STATION, VITORIA.
Clearing the Station on the Approach of the Train, March 15, 1898.


U. S. S. "Detroit."

HOW THE MONITORS BEHAVE IN A SEA—THE "TERROR" KEEPING UP WITH THE PROCESSION.
Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.—[See Page 538.]

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Dawson City, Yukon Provisional District,
March 12, 1898.

EVERYBODY seemed happy at Lake Lindeman, singing at their work. When a boat was ready to be launched every one turned in to help; for some had to be carried some distance to water. And when a boat departed it was with shouts of good wishes and a fusillade of revolver-shots. Nails were in great demand, bringing one dollar a pound; likewise pitch, which commanded the same. A few days before, in order to finish a boat, a man gave fifteen dollars for two pounds of pitch. No one would sell lumber at all.

Many parties were selling out and going back even from here. The last of September it snowed six inches, and continued snowing a little each day. We had to work under an awning. At Crater Lake there were said to be snow-drifts twenty feet deep. Still the people were coming, it being estimated that a hundred outfits were on the trail this side the summit, as compared with two hundred and twenty-five two weeks before.

On the 4th of October the snow went off. Our boat was not finished until October 5, on account of a week's illness. She was helped down to the lake, and next day we loaded the goods into her.

She stood 23 feet over all; 6 feet beam; bottom, 30 inches by 16 feet; draught, 18 inches with 1500 pounds of cargo.

We got started on the 6th, amid a salvo of revolver-shots. The lake was as smooth as glass—what Brown called an "ash breeze." So we gave her the ash oars until a real breeze sprung up, hoisted sprit-sail, and in a short while were at the foot of the lake, where several other boats were about to be lined through into Lake Bennett. It raised a great load of anxiety from our minds to have our little boat carry her load so well; above all, even when loaded, she responded to the oars in a way that delighted Brown. This proved a great advantage on the river, for we were enabled to gain a week on boats that left Lindeman and Bennett ahead of us. Between Tagish Lake and Stewart River alone we overtook and passed twenty-five boats.

While we were unloading, a man leading some horses with packs came down the bank of the lake. There was something familiar about him. A second glance revealed Burnham, of *Forest and Stream*, who I supposed was on the Skaguay Trail, and told him so, whereupon I learned that here, on Lindeman, was the end of the Skaguay Trail! Thirty-one miles from Dyea *viâ* Chilkoot; forty-five miles to Skaguay *viâ* White Pass!

The opening of the White Pass as a summer trail was not a blunder, it was a crime. When the British Yukon Company was advertising the White Pass Trail and booming its town-site and railway proposition, the trail was not cut out beyond the summit of the pass. There was at that time no trail, and there has been since no trail, but something that they have called a trail, marked by the dead bodies of three thousand horses, and by the shattered health and the shattered hopes and fortunes of scores—nay, hundreds—of men. Captain Moore, whose alleged town-site rights the British Yukon Company acquired, supposed the trail ought to come out at the Windy Arm of Tagish. The Exploration Party of the Canadian government, proceeding the natural course, went by way of Touche Lake into Taku Arm of Tagish, and, in consequence of their belief that there was the trail, established the custom-house at the outlet of Tagish. What switched it around, not even direct to Bennett, but midway of Lindeman, we have no means of knowing.

Burnham's party of five, seeing that all could not get through, undertook to put two through with full outfits, and this was the last load. They were to undertake the journey in four canvas canoes, two canoes loaded as freight-boats being taken in tow by the others. The story of the Skaguay Trail will never be written by one person. It is a series of individual experiences, each unique, and there are as many stories as there were men on the trail. How much of the awful destruction of horses was caused by the trail, and how much by the ignorance and cruelty of the packers, will never be known. One outfit killed as many as thirty-seven horses, and there were others that equalled or surpassed that figure. On the other hand, a Black Hills man, no other than he of the buckskins, at whom some smiled aboard the steamer, packed alone with three horses twenty-four hundred pounds from the "Foot of the Hill" to Bennett in eighteen days. Each night, no matter how tired, he put his horses' feet in a bucket of water, washed the mud off their legs and dried them, and washed their backs with salt water. He came through when the trail was at its worst, and sold horses at Bennett for a fair sum. He was one of the odd dozen passengers of the *Islander's* second trip that reached Dawson with complete outfits.

The attempt to blast the rock out of the trail ended in a fizzle. The giant-powder ordered from Juneau went back unused, and the well-meant efforts of the Skaguay journalist came to naught, while the only real work was done by the miners themselves in corduroying. Half-way in on the trail goods were given away, the unfortunate owners having neither money nor strength to pack them either ahead or back, and the trail being in such terrible condition that outfits not only had no sale value, but could hardly be accepted as a gift.

At Lindeman there were comparatively few boats sold, each party generally building its own. At Bennett, however, where there is a saw-mill, boats were built by contract, the prices fetched going from $250 to in certain instances as high as $600. Passage could be secured to Dawson for $50 light; with small outfit, $125. Hardly half the number of outfits got off daily from Bennett that went from Lindeman.

Having made connection with the Skaguay Trail, our journey down the Yukon may properly be said to have begun. We were on the thoroughfare, not without some peril on account of a rock in the middle of the last piece, which a less easily handled boat than a bateau could hardly avoid, and on which a boat or two had recently been smashed. The bateau's behavior in rough water in this very thoroughfare gave us courage at the canyon and White Horse.

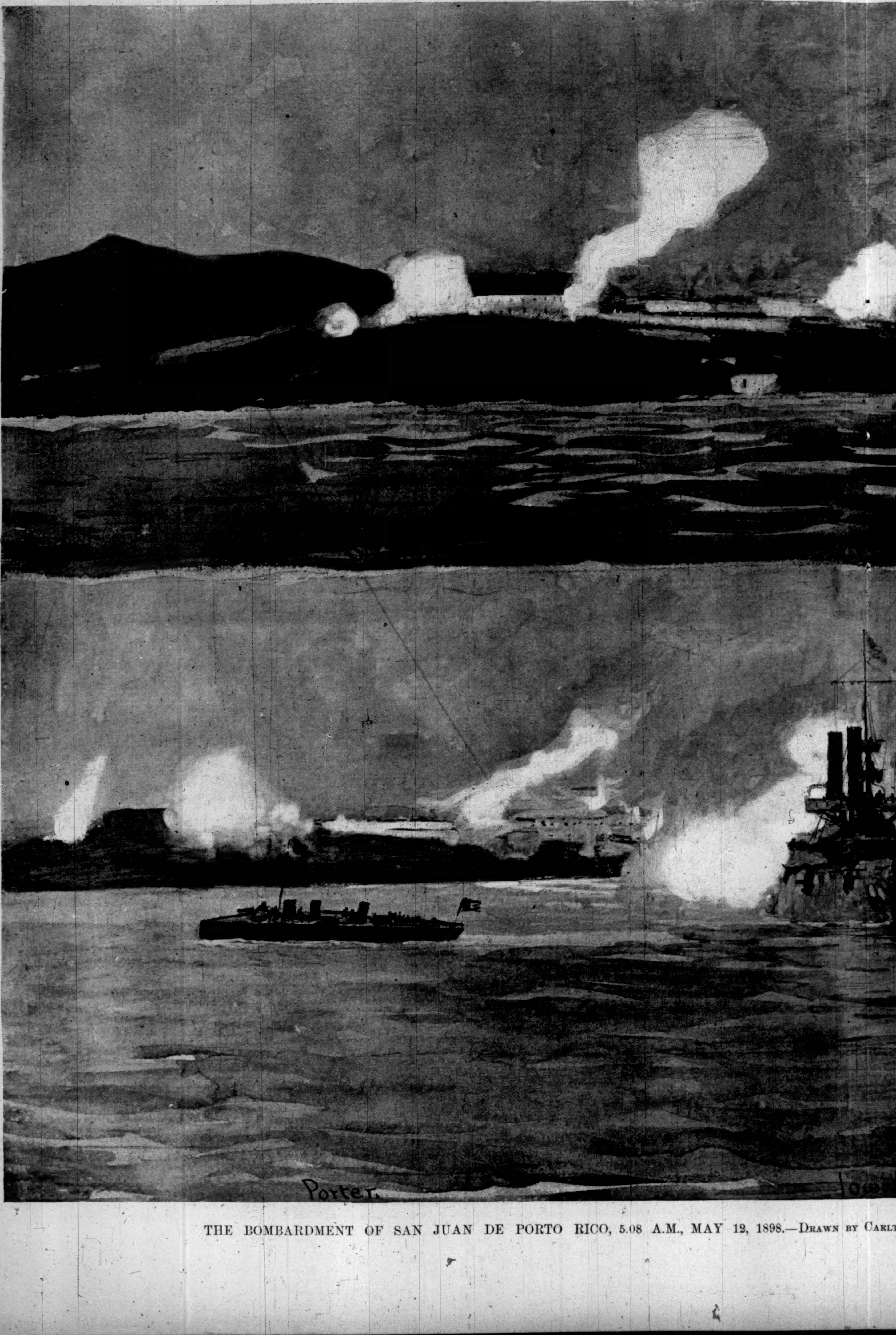
On the 9th of October, with a fleet of other boats, we got away from the head of Bennett, before a scudding breeze.

Dawson was in a state of excitement. Grub was undeniably short; the stores were offering none for sale; those who had put in their orders in the spring had been cut short; hundreds had come far down the river with insufficient outfits or with none at all. There would be certain starvation. Four or five hundred had gone down the river to the grub supply at Fort Yukon, and hundreds more were waiting for the river to close before starting for the outside world, while scores, already short of provisions and without means of getting more, had already started by boats and canoes up the river, or with sleds on the narrow strip of shore ice. The river was expected to close at any moment, making it suicidal for more to attempt to reach even Circle City by boat. Those who got out with hand-sleds were in great danger also, setting out on a trip of six hundred and fifty miles, never undertaken before except by those equipped in the best manner with dogs and fur robes. One or two left with packs on their backs. Flour, which the stores were short of, had been selling at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a sack of forty-nine pounds weight. It was no longer "Who are you?" but "How many sacks of flour?" Old acquaintances greeted those coming in from outside not with "How are you?" but "Have you got your grub?" There were many cases of theft, and caches had to be guarded. One man had been shot robbing a cache. That was the state of affairs on the 29th of October, when I reached Dawson.

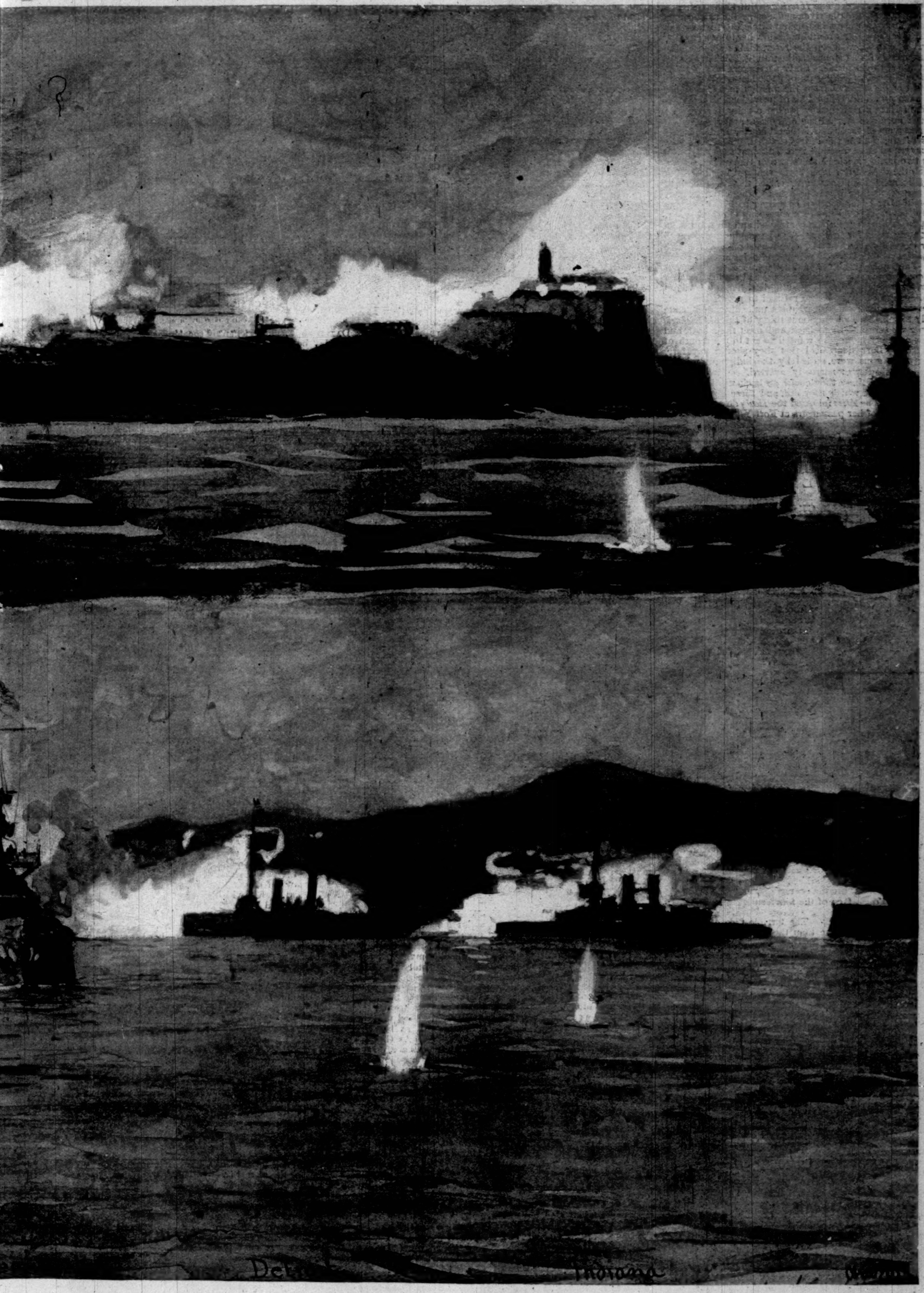
The story of how the shortage came about, and of the exciting time that followed when it was learned that the boats would not get up with even their usual cargoes, may be told as follows. It is one well illustrating the conditions under which we live in this inaccessible region, and which may be expected to be repeated until the present transportation companies have been supplanted by others more alive to the interests of the growing population of the Yukon.

There are two principal trading companies on the Yukon. The Alaska Commercial Company had monopolized the trade of the miners and Indians, until the formation of its formidable rival, the North American Trading and Transportation Company. Each of these companies has a fleet of light-draught steamers, with which the various forts along the river are supplied by way of St. Michaels, at the mouth of the river. The A. C. Company had always been in favor with the miners, and the new company had failed to supplant it in popular esteem. When the strike was made on Bonanza Creek on the Klondike, ten miles above Fort Reliance, both companies built large stores and warehouses at the new town of Dawson. When the miners came to put in their orders for the year's outfits, the more favorable prices of the N. A. T. Company induced them to forswear their allegiance, the A. C. Company receiving only a small number, while its rival was simply overwhelmed, the money being paid in advance and the orders guaranteed.

The N. A. T. had advertised extensively for the Klondike trade. They advised the river route as the best and safest, and assured intending miners that there was and would be nothing lacking of either necessities or luxuries, at reasonable prices, particularly setting forth that "there is now no more danger of starvation." They added the *Hamilton* to their other steamers, the *Weare* and the *Healy*. The *Hamilton* was advertised as guaranteed to receive the passengers of the *Cleveland*, but four days before the arrival of the latter at St. Michaels the *Hamilton* pulled out, ran down to the mouth of the river, where she took aboard twenty-seven passengers of the A. C. boat *Excelsior*, receiving therefor $90 for each passenger, and started up



THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN DE PORTO RICO, 5.08 A.M., MAY 12, 1898.—Drawn by Carlt


Det
Indiana

arlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.—[See Page 538.]

river. These were passengers that were to have gone on the steamboat *Alice*. The *Hamilton*, with 127 passengers, all told, started up the river, and got as far as the flats of the Yukon, eighty miles below Circle City, where she claimed the low water would not allow her to proceed further. She dropped down the river, taking some of the passengers as far as Meneck, others to St. Michaels, where they hoped to get inside. Sixty passengers of the *Cleveland* had bought for the sum of $12,000 a small steamer, called the *St. Michaels*, from the mission, and loaded her and a scow with thirty-five tons of provisions. The *Healy*, Captain Barr, arriving, they picked a volunteer crew of sixteen men, and started the *St. Michaels* up river, while the rest went aboard the *Healy* and started also. At the flats of the Yukon the *Healy* stopped. The A. C. boat *Alice* arrived at the dock at Fort Yukon at the same time. The two boats remained there two or three days, during which the captains of both boats went out in skiffs over the flats, made soundings, and reported that on account of the low water they would be able to proceed no farther. Captain Barr ordered every passenger with his baggage off his boat. He told them they were at their destination, his part of the contract was completed, and they might go to cutting wood for fuel, and for a large emergency cache they were about to build. Grub was offered for sale to passengers at Dawson prices, and a lot was disposed of. The contract, as stated by Captain Barr, was that the company was not to take the passengers farther than the river was navigable. He had the deck-hands put ashore the baggage of several who refused to go off the boat. The two boats spent several days unloading, and made ready to sail. There were about thirty of the *St. Michaels* people who wanted to go back and meet their boat, and about as many more who wanted to get to the mouth of the river. Barr demanded that they should pay fare, whereupon guns were pulled by the indignant miners, and bloodshed was narrowly averted. Captain Barr thereupon told these they could go back until they met the *St. Michaels*, which they did, and these got as far as Circle City. The *Alice* followed the *Healy* down the river, leaving most of her passengers at Fort Yukon.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HUGO GOTTFRIED, RED AXE OF THE WOLFMARK.

THEN cried Dessauer from the door to me as I stood thus holding my father in my arms:

"Haste you, lad; there are men coming across the yard with torches. They are gathering in groups about the door. Now they are on the stairs—many soldiers—and with weapons in their hands!"

And scarcely had he spoken, when the sound of the tramping of men in haste came to us up the turret, and the door of the garret was thrust violently open. A turmoil of men-at-arms burst in on us. I stood yet holding Gottfried Gottfried, his head on my shoulder, though I knew that he was dead. But as one came forward with a paper in his hand, I stooped and laid my father gently on his bed.

An officer of the Black Hussars, fantastically dressed in their church-yard array, with skull and cross-bones slashed in silver across his breast, accosted me:

"Hugo Gottfried, son of Gottfried Gottfried, in the name of the Duke Otho and the State of the Wolfmark I arrest you! Also you, Leopold von Dessauer, Chancellor of the Princedom of Plassenburg. You are accused as spies and enemies of the commonweal. Yield yourselves, therefore, to me without condition."

"I am indeed Hugo Gottfried," said I, "but you may see for yourselves the mission on which I have come hither. And for this hour, at least, you might have spared your brutal entry. Behold!"

I caught a torch from the nearest soldier, and let its light shine on the dead face of the fourteenth Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark.

The men started back. The terrible face of the dead affected them even more than the grim face of the Red Axe as they had seen him stalking from the Hall of Justice to the block.

"Ah!" said the officer, not wholly irreverently, "Gottfried Gottfried has gone now to the dark place to which he hath sent so many. But, after all, he is dead—and I heard a monkish clerk prate the other day, 'Let the dead bury their dead.' I have my orders, and the Duke Otho waits. Therefore I bid you follow me, Hugo Gottfried and Leopold von Dessauer."

So, leaving the body of my father lying on the bed in his garret, we were constrained to follow our captors down the stairs. Across the court-yard we were hurried, and through the Hall of Justice into the private apartments of the Duke.

Otho von Reuss, now Duke of the Wolfmark, was standing erect by the great chair, in which, as my father had so often described him to me, Casimir had sat so many days, with his head sunk on his breast. The new Duke stood up proudly, gazing at us with frowning brows and lowering, narrowed eyes. This was mighty fine, but I could not help thinking of the poor appearance he had made on the hill above the Hirsh Gasse as he slunk off when he saw an evil cause going desperately against him.

"So," he said, "gentlemen both, I have caught you spying in my land. You know what those have to expect who are thus caught in hostile territory in disguise."

I thought it was as well to take the high hand at once, especially since I saw that humility would avail us nothing at any rate.

"Before now I have seen Otho von Reuss in hostile territory, and a right cowed traitor he looked," said I, boldly.

The Duke smiled upon me, like a man that has a complete retort on his tongue, but who is content for the present to reserve it.

"My friend," he said, suavely, "I will reply to you presently. I have a word to speak to your betters."

He turned him about to Dessauer.

"And what, Lord High Chancellor of Plassenburg, think you of this masquerading? Dignified, is it not? And your wondrous speech in court that was to have done such great things! Will you be pleased to abide with us here in the Wolfsberg? Or must you forsake us to pleasure the Emperor, who, poor man, cannot sleep in his bed at Ratisbon till the eloquent Doctor is come to cheer him with the full-flowing river of speech?"

"Duke Otho," said Dessauer, "my life is indeed in your hands. I hold it forfeit. A few years less or more are but little to Leopold von Dessauer now. But there is one who will most bloodily avenge us if a hair of our heads falls to the ground."

"Who?" said Otho, sneeringly. "Karl Miller's-Son, I suppose. Ah, fool that you are; I hold our poor Karl in the palm of my hand!"

"It is like enough," said Dessauer, with a quick look—the look of a keen fencer when he sees an advantage. "I have often enough seen the palm of your hand approach Karl Miller's-Son's treasury when I kept the moneys."

I saw the face of Otho twitch angrily. But he had evidently made up his mind to command his temper, sure of having that up his sleeve which would sufficiently answer all taunts.

"You mistake me," he said, with more subtlety than I had expected from the brute. "I had not meant to prove ungrateful. I am but newly come to my own here in the Wolfmark. I have learned from your host, Bishop Peter, how precious a thing forgiveness is. And I am resolved to practise it. There is a time to love and a time to hate, a time to war and a time to be at peace. This is the last news I had from the holy clerk. So lay it to heart, as I have done!"

"Glad am I," said Dessauer, courteously, as if he had been turning a phrase on the terrace at Plassenburg—"glad am I that in your hour you are to be mindful of old friends, for they are like old wine, which grows better and mellower with the years."

"It is indeed well," said Otho von Reuss, ironically. "I have known the Chancellor Dessauer many years, and he grows more honorable and more wise with each year.

"But now 'tis with this young man that I would speak," he said, changing his tone. "He at least is mine own servant, and so I have other words for him. Hugo Gottfried, you remember that you insulted me, striking me on the face with a glove, because I offered certain civilities to a maid of honor to the Princess of Plassenburg. You wounded me in the arm. Your father, of whose death I have heard but now, cast me forth like a cur-dog from a chamber window. Between you ye have shamed me, and would shame me worse—for the sake of the murderess of mine uncle, Duke Casimir."

"Well you know that the Lady Helene is innocent of that crime, or of any other," said I; "she is purer than your eyes can look upon or your heart conceive. Yet because she knows you for the foul thing you are—Helene lies in your dungeons to-night. I ask you to grant me but one boon—that I may die with her?"

"Nay, my friend, gentlest squire of dames, defender of the oppressed, I have better things in store for you and your maid than that."

He paused and looked a long while at me, as it seemed chewing the cud of revenge upon that which he had to say to me.

At last he came a step nearer, that he might look into my eyes.

"Hugo Gottfried," he said, slowly, "son of Gottfried Gottfried, you are my servant now. I said that I would forgive you all for the sake of old times in exile together. And now you and I are both again in our own land. They that kept us out of our offices are dead, and we standing in their places. There is a maid down there in the Wolfsberg dungeons who to-morrow must meet her doom."

He paused a moment, and laid his hand on my shoulder impressively.

"And you, Hugo Gottfried, Hereditary Justicer of the Dukedom, Red Axe of the Wolfmark, art the man who must carry out that doom!"

Again he paused—and the world seemed instantly to dissolve into whirling vapor at his words. I had never thought of such a conclusion. Yet I was indubitably, by my father's death, Hereditary Executioner of the Wolfmark. Red Axe of Thorn I was, and I had returned in time to be installed in mine office, even as the Lady Ysolinde had foretold.

But a strong thought swelled triumphant in my heart.

"Well," said I, looking the sneering tormentor in the face, "if so be that I am your Hereditary Justicer, it will be long ere a sentence so monstrous shall be carried out by me. I will not slay the innocent nor pour out the blood of a virgin saint for a million deaths. You can torture me with all your hellish engines, and you will find that a Gottfried has learned how to suffer, as well as how to make others suffer, in fourteen generations. As God strengthens me, I will never carry out your sentence, do with me what you will."

"Nobly said, Justicer of the Mark!" said Otho. "I had thought of that! But in case you should refuse to do your lawful office, it may be well for you to remember that I have other instruments that mayhap will please you less."

He threw open a door suddenly, and we looked into an underground hall, where a dozen men were carousing—Hussars of Death, black-browed, evil-faced, slack-jowled villains, every man of them, cruel and sensual. A blast of ribald oaths came sulphurously up, as if the mouth of hell had been opened.

"Listen!" said Duke Otho, with his hand on my shoulder.

And a jest struck to our ears concerning the prisoner—the Little Playmate—a jest which sticks in my memory to this day. Even yet I hope to cleave the jester through the brain, meet him when I may.

The Duke shut the door, and turned to me again. His eyes narrowed to a thin line, which glittered with hate and triumph.

"If you, Hugo Gottfried, Hereditary Executioner of the Mark, refuse to do your duty, at the time appointed, upon the prisoner condemned, I, Duke Otho, solemnly declare that I will cast your fair and tender lamb into that den of wolves down there, to work their wills upon. Hark to them! They will have no misgivings—no qualms."

Then he turned to me airily and confidently.

"Well, my good Justicer, will you carry out the just and merciful sentence of the law, and baptize your Red Axe with the blood of her for whose sake you chose to insult and wound a Duke of the Mark?"

I turned away, sick at heart.

"Give me time. God's mercy—give me time!" I cried. "At least let me see Helene. I will give you my answer to-night. But, first of all, let me see my beloved."

"I am forgiving and most merciful," he said. "Observe, I do not even cast you into prison to make sure of you. Go your ways" (he sat down and wrote rapidly); "here is a pass which will enable you to visit the prisoner. At midnight I shall expect you to tell me that you will fulfil your office."

He handed me the paper and motioned us away.

"We are free to go?" said I, wonderingly.

"Surely," he replied, smiling. "Are you not both my friends, and can Otho von Reuss be forgetful of old times? Come and go at your pleasure. But be sure to be here to give me your answer at midnight to-night—or—"

He pointed with his hand to the door he had opened, and with the fingers of his other hand beat time to the blasphemous chorus which came up from below.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE SERPENT'S BITE.

DAZED and death-stricken by the horror of the choice which lay before me, I hastened down the street, hardly waiting for Dessauer, who toiled vainly after me. I knew not what to do or where to turn. I could not think or speak. But it chanced that my steps brought me to the house of the Weiss Thor. Almost without any will of mine own I found myself raising the knocker of the house of Master Gerard von Sturm. Sir Respectable instantly appeared. I asked of him if the Lady Ysolinde would see me—giving my name plainly. For since Duke Otho knew me, there was no need of concealment any more.

The Lady Ysolinde would receive me.

I followed my conductor, but not this time to the room in which I had seen her on the occasion of my last visit.

It was in her father's chamber that I met the princess. The room was as I had seen it. Only there was no ascetic old man with keen deep-set eyes and receding forehead to rear his head back from the table as though he would strike across it like a serpent from its coil.

For the moment the room was empty, but ere I had time to look around, the curtains moved and the Lady Ysolinde appeared. Without entering, she set a hand on the door-post, and stood poised against the heavy curtain, waiting for me to speak.

Her face was pale, her nostrils dilated. Anger and scorn sat white and deadly on every feature.

"So," she said, intensely, as I did not begin, "you have come back already, most noble Hereditary Justicer of the Mark. Even as I told you—so it is. You come to ask mercy from the woman you despised, from the woman whose love you refused. You would beg her to spare her enemy. Ere you go I shall see you on your knees. Ah, that will be sweet! I have been on my knees—can I believe it? Nay, I shall not forget it. I, Ysolinde of Plassenburg, have pled in vain to you—to you!"

And the accent of chill hatred and malice turned me to stone.

"My lady," said I, "well do you know that I would never ask aught for my own life, though the Red Axe were at my neck. But it is for the maid I love, for the little child I carried out of the arms of the man condemned. I ask for her life, who never wronged you or any in all this world. You have heard that task which the Duke hath laid on me, because it is my misfortune to be my father's son—I must take away my love's sweet life, or if I do not—" I could proceed no farther for the horror which rose in my heart.

"I know it," she said, calmly; "my father hath told me."

"Then," cried I, "if the power lie with you, as you hope for mercy to your own soul, be merciful. Save the maiden Helene from the death of shame, and me from becoming her murderer!"

"Ah," she answered, with delicatest meditative inflection, "this is indeed sweet. The proud are suppliant now. The knee is bent that would not bend. Hearken, you and your puling babe, to the Princess Ysolinde! Were your lives in that glass to save or to destroy—her life and your suffering to make or to break—I would fling them to destruction, even as I throw this cup into the darkness!"

And as she spoke the wreathed beaker of Venice glass sped out of the window and crashed on the pavement without.

"Thus would I end your lives," she said, "for the shame that you two put upon me in the day of my weakness."

"Lady," I cried, eagerly, "you do yourself a wrong. Your heart is better than your word. Do this deed of mercy, I beseech you, if so be you can. And my life is yours forever!"

"Your life is mine, you say?" cried she. "Aye, and that means what? The wind that cries about the house. Your life is *mine*? It is a lie! Your life and love both are that chit's, for whom you have despised—rejected—ME!"

And I grant that she looked noble enough in her anger, as she stood discharging her words at me with hissing directness, like bolts shot twanging from the steel cross-bow.

"And lest you should think that I have not the power to save you, I will tell you this—when you shall see the neck bared for the blade of the Red Axe, the fine tresses you love, that your eyes look upon with desire, all ruthlessly cut away by the shears of your assistants—ah, I know you will remember that I, Ysolinde, whom you refused and slighted, had the power in her hand to deliver you both with a word, according to the immaculate laws of the Wolfmark. Aye, and more—power to raise you both to a pinnacle of bliss such as you can hardly conceive. In that hour, when you see me look down upon your anguish, you will know that I can speak the word. You will watch my lips till the axe falls and the young life ebbs red. But the lips of Ysolinde will be silent."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

"Such knowledge is an easy boast, Lady Ysolinde," I answered, thinking to taunt her, that she might reveal whether indeed she had the power she claimed.

"There!" she said, pointing to the great collection of black-bound books and papers about the walls; "see, the secret is there—the secret for the lack of which you shall strike your beloved to the death to save her from the unnamable shame. I know it; my father has revealed it to me. I have seen the parchment in these hands. But—you shall never hear it, she never profit by it, and my vengeance shall be sweet—so sweet!"

And she laughed with a strange laugh that it was a pain to hear.

"God forgive you, Lady Ysolinde," said I, "if this be so. For if there be a God, you must burn in Great Hell for this deed you are about to do. Having had no mercy on the innocent, how shall you ask God to have mercy on you?"

"I will not ask Him," she cried. "Instead I will have had my revenge. And after that, earth, heaven, or hell, I shall not care. All will then be the same to Ysolinde."

I thought I would try her yet once more.

"The Little Playmate," I said, "the maid whom I have ever loved, though I am not worthy to touch her, is no chance child, no daughter of the Red Axe of Thorn. Leopold von Dessauer hath found and sent to Karl the Prince the full proofs that Helene is the daughter of the last and rightful Prince, and therefore in her own right Princess of Plassenburg."

"You lie, fool," she cried, "you lie! You think to frighten me. And even if it were true—thrice, four times fool, to tell me! For shall not I, the reigning Princess of Plassenburg, the wife of the reigning Prince, stand for my own name and dignity? I would not help you now though a thousand fair heads, well beloved, the desire of men, were to be rolled in the dust."

"Then farewell, Princess," I cried; "you are wronging to the death of deaths two that never did you wrong, who loved each other with the love of man and woman before ever you crossed their paths, and who since then have sought your good. You wrong God also, and you lose your soul, divorcing it from the mercy of the Saviour of men. For be very sure that with that measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

She did not answer, but stood with her hand still against the door-post and her head raised scornfully, looking after me, as I retired, with a smiling and malicious pleasure.

Without further speech I went out from the presence of the Lady Ysolinde. And so she had the first part of her revenge.

CHAPTER L.

THE DUNGEON OF THE WOLFSBERG.

And now I must see the Little Playmate. Judge ye whether or no my heart was torn in twain as I went up the long High Street of Thorn back to the Wolfsberg, alone. For I had compelled Dessauer to return to Bishop Peter's, in order to avert suspicion, since our real names and errands were not yet known there.

And when I parted from him the old man was so worn out that I looked momently for him to drop on the rough causeway stones of the street.

Many pictures of my youth passed before me as I mounted towards the castle that night. I remembered the ride of the wild horsemen returning from the raid such long years agone, the old man who carried the babe, and the Red Axe himself who now lay dead in the Tower—my father, Casimir's Justicer, clad in crimson from head to heel.

Erelong I arrived at the Wolfsberg, and as I came near the Red Tower I saw that the gate was open. A little crowd of men with swords and partisans were issuing tumultuously from it. Then came six carrying a coffin. I stood aside to let them pass. And not till the last one brushed me did I ask what was their business abroad with a dead man at such a time of the night.

"'Tis one that had wrought much fear in his time," answered the soldier, for I had lighted on a sententious fellow; "one that made many swift ends, and now has come to one himself."

"You mean Gottfried Gottfried, the Duke's Justicer?" said I.

"Aye," he replied; "the Duke Otho is mightily afraid of the plague, and will not have a dead body overnight in his castle. Since they condemned the Saint Helene, God wot, the Duke is a fear-stricken man. He sleeps with half a dozen Black Riders at the back of his door, as though that made him any safer if a handful of minted gold were dealt out among the rascals. But when was a Prince ever wise?"

"My father's funeral," thought I. "Well, 'let the dead bury their dead'; Helene is yet alive!"

Surely I am not wanting in feeling, yet my heart was chill and cold. Nevertheless, I turned and followed the procession a little way towards the walls. But as I went, lo! the bell of the Wolfsberg slowly and brazenly clanged ten. I stopped. I had but two hours in which to visit the Little Playmate and tell her all.

"Good-by, father," said I, standing with my hat off; "so you would wish me to do—you who met God standing up—you who did an ill business greatly, because it was yours and you were born to it. Teach me, my father, to be worthy of you in this strait, to the like of which surely never was man brought before!"

The men-at-arms clattered roughly down the street, shifting their burden as if it had been much kindling-wood, and quarrelling as to their turns. I heard their jests coming clear up the narrow street far away.

I stood still as they approached a corner about which they must turn.

I waved my hand to the coffin.

"Fare you well, true father; to-night and to-morrow may God help me also, like you, to meet my fate standing up!"

And the curve of the long street hid the ribald procession. My father was gone. I had made choice. The dead was burying his dead.

I went towards the prison of the Wolfsberg; so it was nominated by a sort of grim superiority in that place which was all a prison, the castle which had lorded it so long over the red clustered roofs and stepped gables of Thorn, solely because it meant prisonment and death to the rebel or the refuser of the Duke's exactions.

Often had I seen the straggling procession of prisoners rise, head following head, up from that weary staircase, my father standing by, as they came up from the cells, counting his victims silently like a shepherd who tells his flock as they pass through a gap in the sheepfold.

For me, alas! there was but one in that dread fold tonight. And she my one ewe lamb who ought to have lain in my bosom.

I clamored long at the gate ere I could make the jailer hear. As the minutes slipped away I grew more and more wild with fear and anger. At midnight I must face the Duke, and it was after ten—how long I knew not, but I feared every moment that I might hear the brazen clang as the hammer struck eleven.

For time seemed to make no impression on me at all that night.

At last the man came, shuffling, grumbling, and cursing, from his truckle-bed.

"What twice condemned drunken roisterer may you be that hath mistaken the prison of Duke Otho for a trull-house?

"An order from Duke Otho—to see a prisoner? Come to-morrow, then, and meanwhile depart to Gehenna. Must a man be forever at the beck and call of every sleepless sot? 'Urgent,' was the Duke's mandate? Shove it through the lattice, that a lantern may flash upon it."

I pushed under the door a broad piece of gold, which proved more to the purpose.

The door was opened and I showed my pass. That and the gold together worked wonders.

The jailer rattled his keys, donned a hood and woollen wrapper, and went coughing before me down the chill, draughty passages. I could hear the prisoners leaping from their couches within as the light of his cresset filtered beneath their doors. What hopes and fears stirred them! A summons, it might be, to some one in that dread warren to come up for a last look at the stars, a walk to the heading-place through the soft velvet-dark night—then the block, the lightning flash of bright steel, the drench of something sweet like wine upon the lips, and—silence, rest, oblivion.

But we passed the prison doors one by one, and the jailer of the Wolfsberg went coughing and rasping by to another part of the prison.

"'Tis an ill place for chills," he said. "I have never been free of them since first I came to this place, nor my wife neither. She has been dead these ten years, praises to the Pyx! Ah, would you?" (The torch threatened to go out, so he held it downward in his hand till the pitch melted and caught again, and we stood blinded in the smoke and glare which the strong draught forced in our faces.)

At last—the door, a low iron-spiked grating, like any other of the hundred we had passed.

"Key-metal is not often weared on this cell," the man chuckled. "Those stay not long aboveground that bide here."

The door swung back on its creaking hinges. I slipped the fellow another gold piece.

"I must come in with you," he said; "you might do the wench an ill turn which would cheat the Duke of his show to-morrow!"

I slipped him another piece of gold, and then three together.

"Risk it, man," I said. "Have I not the Duke's pass? I will do her no harm."

"Well," he said, "pray remember I am a man with five motherless children. My wife died of falling down a flight of steps ten years agone—praise the Lord for His mercies! He is ever mindful of us, the sinful children of men."

The sound of his voice died away as the door closed. I turned, and was alone with the beloved. The jailer had stuck the cresset in its niche behind the door, and its glow filled the little cell.

At first I could not see the Little Playmate—only a rough pallet bed and something white at the head of it. But as the cresset burned up more clearly, and my eyes became accustomed to the bleared and streaky light, I saw Helene, my love, kneeling at her bed's head.

I stood still and waited. Was she asleep? Was she—was she dead? I almost hoped that she might be. Then the Duke's vengeance would be balked indeed.

"Helene!" I said, softly, as one speaks to the dying; "Helene—dear, dear Helene!"

Slowly she looked up. Her face dawned on me as one day the face of the blessed angel will shine when he calls me out of purgatory.

"My love—my love!" she said, sweetly, like the first note of a hymn when the choir breathes the sweet music rather than sings it.

Ah, Lord of Innocence, that pure loving face, the deepness in the eyes, the flush on the cheek as on that of a little child asleep, the soft curled hair which lay in the hollow of the neck—the throat itself—

Eternal God, that I should be alive to think of the horror!

But time was passing swiftly. The minutes were slipping by like men running for their lives.

I raised Helene from her knees, and she nestled her head on my shoulder.

"You have come to me! I knew you would come. I saw you on the day—the day when they condemned me to die."

I broke into an angry, desperate, protesting cry, so that I heard my own voice ring strangely through that dumb, horrible place. And I sobbed in her arms with my head on her shoulder.

"Hush, dear love," she said, clasping her arms caressingly about my head; "do not fear for me. God will keep your little one. God has told me that He will bring me bravely through. Hush thee, then; do not so, Hugo, great playmate! This I cannot bear. Help me to be good. It will not be long or painful. Do not weep for your little girl! I think somehow it is for our love that I suffer, and that will make it sweet!"

But still I sobbed like a child. For how—how could I tell her?

Presently the power returned slowly to me, seeing her smiling so bravely up at me, and rising on tiptoe to kiss my wet face.

Then I told her all—in what words I hardly remember now.

"Love of mine," I said, "I have but an hour or less to speak with you—and, ah! such terrible things, such inconceivable things, to say; a horror to reveal such as never lover had to tell his love before."

She drew one of my hands down and softly patted her breast with it.

"Fear not," she said; "tell it to Helene. If it be true that love conquers all, your little lass can bear it!"

"I came," said I, "with purpose to see you, and by treachery (it skills not to ask whose) I was taken at my dead father's bedside."

"Our father dead?" she cried, going a step away to look at me, but coming back again immediately; "then there are but you and me in the world, Hugo?"

"Aye," said I; "but how can I tell you all? My father died like a man, and then they took me, still holding the dead in my arms. I was confronted with a fiend of hell in the likeness of Duke Otho."

As I mentioned the Duke's name I could feel her shudder on my neck.

"And— But I cannot tell you what he has bidden me do, under penalties too fearful to conceive or speak of."

She put her hands up, and gently, timidly, lovingly stroked my cheek.

"Dear love, tell me! Tell the Little Playmate!" she said, as simply and sweetly as if she had been coaxing me to whisper to her some lightest secret of our plays together in the old Red Tower.

I was silent for a space; and then, spurred by the thought of the swiftly passing time, the words were wrenched out of me.

"He says that I—even I, Hugo Gottfried, my father's son, being now hereditary Red Axe of the Wolfmark—must strike off the head of the one I love. And if I will not, then to the vilest of devils for vilest ends he will deliver her. Ah, God, and he would do it, too! I saw the flame of hell's fire in his eyes."

Then I that write saw a strange appearance on the face that looked up in mine. As on a dark April day, with a lowering sky, you have seen the wind suddenly stir high in the heavens, and the sun look through on the dripping green of the young trees and the bourgeoning of the flowers, so, looking on my love's face as she took in my words, there awakened a kind of spring-time joy. Nay, wherefore need I say a kind of joy only? It was more. It was great, overleaping, sudden-springing gladness. Her eyes swam in lustrous beauty. She smiled up at me as I had never seen her smile before.

"Oh, I am glad, Hugo, so glad! I love you, Hugo! It will be hard for you, my love. And yet you will be brave and help me. I had far rather die at your hand than live to be the bride of the greatest man in all the world. Do that which will save me from shame; do it gladly, Hugo. I fear what I saw in the eyes of that man, Otho von Reuss. But *only* to die will be easy. For I love you Hugo. And I could just say a prayer, and then—well, and then—Do not cry, Hugo—why then you would put me to sleep, even as of old you did in the Red Tower?

"Nay, nay, dear love! You must not do so. This is not like my Hugo. See! I do not cry. Do you remember when you took me up and laid me on your bed? And our father came and looked. You said I was your little wife. So I was, even though I denied it, and now I can trust you, my husband. I have never been aught else but your little wife, you see—not in my heart, not in my heart of hearts!

"I have been proud with you, Hugo—spoken unkind things. For love, you know, is like that. It hurts that which it would die for. But now you will know once for all that I love you. For death tests all. And you *will* help me. You will not cry then, Hugo—not then when we walk, you and I, by the shores of the great sea. You will only send me a little voyage by myself, as you used to make me go to the well in the court-yard to teach me not to be frightened!

"And then you will be with me when I go. You will watch me; soon, soon you will come after me. Yes, I am glad, Hugo, so glad. For—bend down your ear, Hugo—I will confess. Your little girl is such a coward. She is afraid of the dark. But it will not be dark—and it will not be long, and it will be sure. If my love stand by I shall not fear. And it is but a little thing to do for my love when I love him so."

What I said or what I did I know not. But when I came a little to myself, I found my head on her knee, and Helene soothing and petting me as if I had been a child that had fallen down and hurt itself.

"I would have been a good wife to you, Hugo; I had thought it all out. At first I would have been such an ignorant little housekeeper, and you would have needed—oh, such great patience with me! But so willing, so ready, Hugo! And how I should have listened for your foot. I used to know it as it came across the court-yard at Plassenburg. But I could not run and meet you then. I could only slip behind the window-lattice and throw you a kiss. But when I was indeed your wife, how I would have flown to meet you!"

I think I cried out here for very agony.

"Hush, Hugo!" she said. "Hush, lad, and listen. There are stairs up aloft—I saw them in a dream. I saw the angels ascending and descending as I prayed, even when you came in to call me back. I shall ask God to let me wait at the stair-head a little while for you—till it should be time for you to come, my dear—my dear! You would not be very long, and I could wait. I would listen for your feet upon the stair, dear love. And when at last you came, I should know your footfall—yes, I should know it ever so far away. You would not be thinking of me just then. And when you came to the top of the golden stairs, there—there all so suddenly would be your little lass with her arms ready to welcome you!"

The door of the cell creaked open.

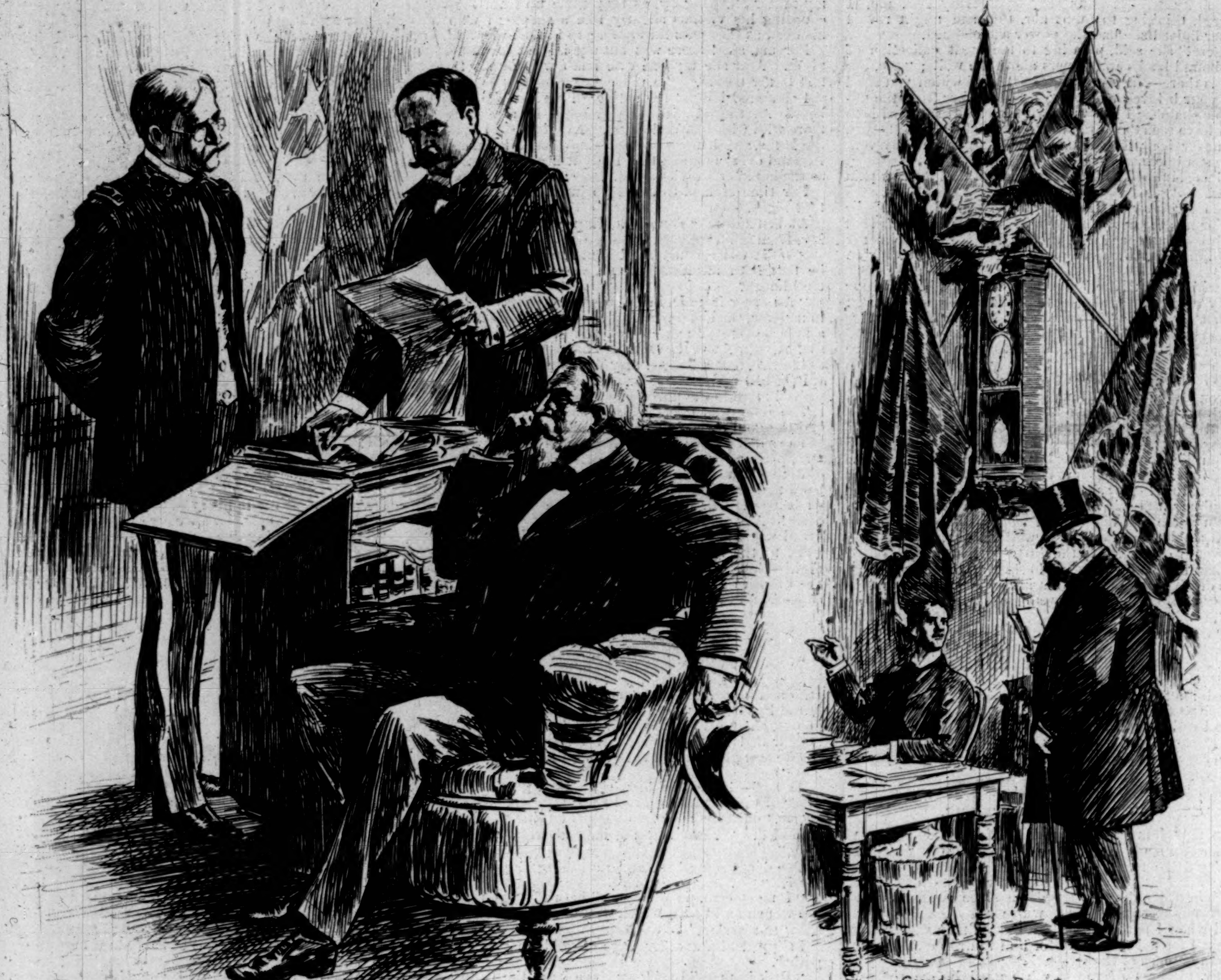
The jailer appeared. "It is time," he said, curtly, and stood waiting. We stood up, and I looked in her eyes. She was smiling, dry-eyed, but I—the water was running down my face.

"You will be brave, Hugo, for my sake. Next to life with you—to die by your dear hand, knowing that you love me, is the best gift they could have given me. They thought to hurt, but instead they have made me so happy. Till we meet again, dear love—till we meet soon again."

And she went with me to the door, and kissed me as I went out, standing smilingly on tiptoe to do it, even as of old in the Red Tower.

And the last thing I saw of her, as the door closed upon the darkness of the cell, was my love standing smiling up at me, with her eyes filled with the splendors of the love that casteth out fear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



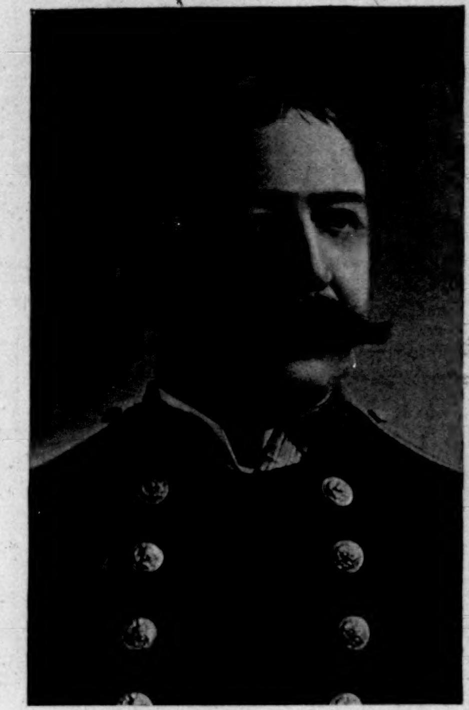
In Asst. Secy of War Meiklejohn's Room

Corridor, War Department

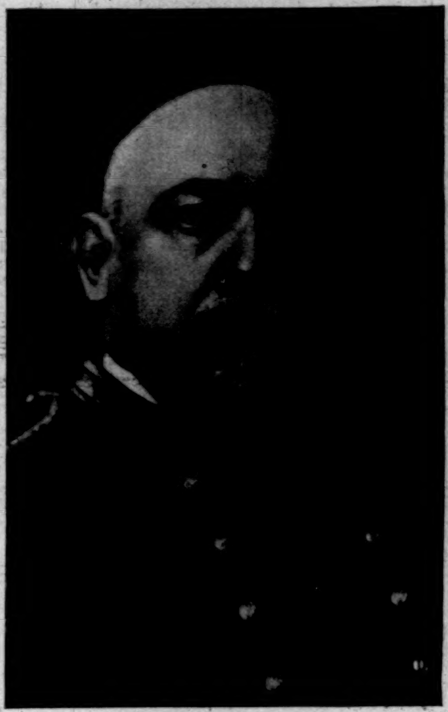
Correspondents' Corner—Navy Department

AT THE NERVE-CENTRES OF WAR—SCENES IN THE ARMY AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS, WASHINGTON.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



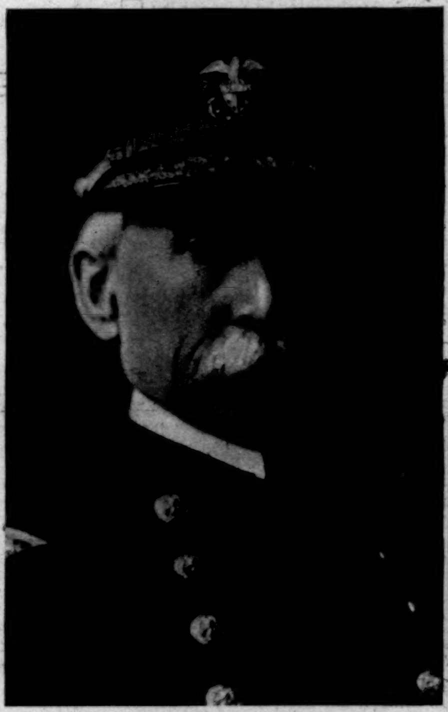
COMMANDER CHARLES J. TRAIN, U.S.N.,
U. S. Auxiliary Cruiser "Prairie."



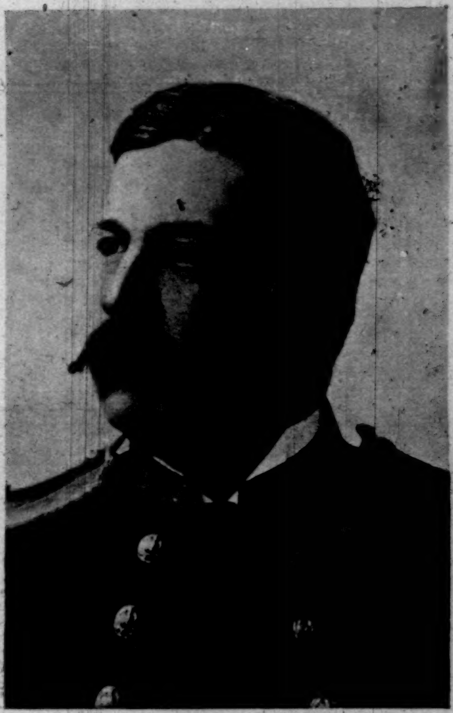
COMMANDER HENRY E. NICHOLS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Gunboat "Bennington."
Photograph by Bushnell.

CAPTAIN MORTIMER L. JOHNSON, U.S.N.,
U. S. Monitor "Miantonomoh."

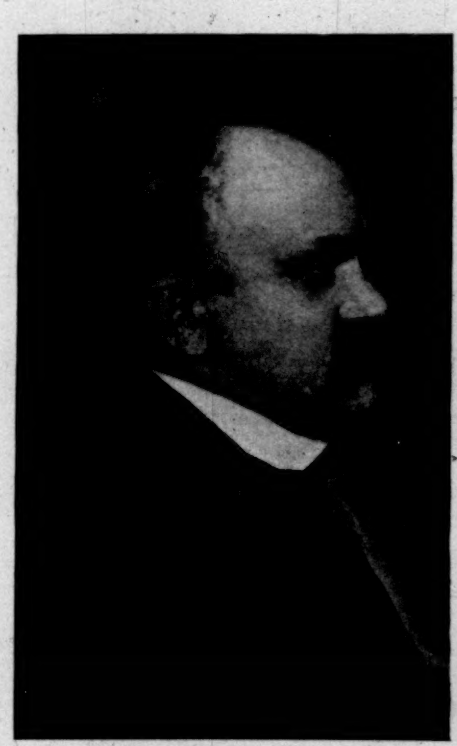
COMMANDER ROBERT E. IMPEY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Sterling" (Collier).



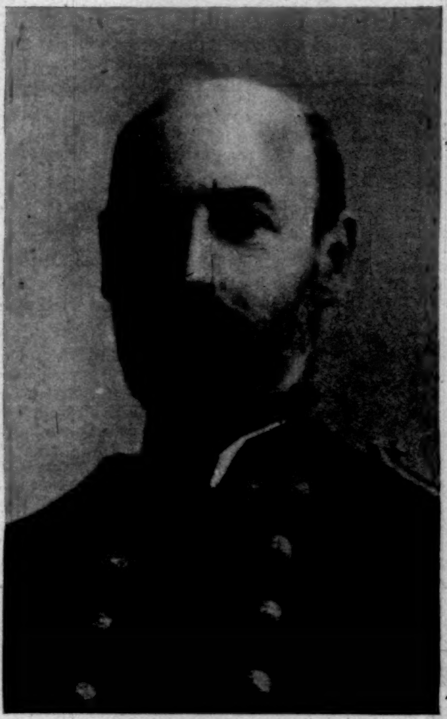
COMMODORE JOHN CRITTENDEN WATSON, U.S.N.,
Commanding Cuban Blockading Squadron.
Copyright, 1898, by F. Gutekunst.



COMMANDER RICHARDSON CLOVER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Gunboat "Bancroft."



CAPTAIN WILLIAM N. FOLGER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Cruiser "New Orleans."



COMMANDER CHARLES H. DAVIS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Auxiliary Cruiser "Dixie."

CAPTAIN ALBERT S. BARKER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Cruiser "Newark."

PROMINENT AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.

IN CAMP AT TAMPA.

With the Troops under Canvas, *May 22, 1898.*

Down here we are sweltering day and night, with the thermometer ninety-eight in the shade. Nobody dares complain, for fear of appearing unpatriotic. Still, it will do us no harm to hear a little of the truth, for this affair is turning out just as officers of the regular army have foreseen.

Here we are thirty days after the declaration of war, and not a regiment is yet equipped with uniforms suitable for hot weather. The Cuban patriots and other cigar-makers look happy in their big Panama hats and loose linen trousers, but the United States troops sweat night and day in their cowhide boots, thick flannel shirts, and winter trousers. In addition to this they wear a tunic at inspections—a piece of torture.

Who is responsible for this? No one knows.

The poor men have to sleep on the ground in the heavy, dirty sand. Their sweaty clothing picks it up, and their food is full of it. Every whiff of hot air blows fine dust about, and every horse, cart, or even passing person adds discomfort to men already miserable. How little it would cost to have the camp sprinkled once or twice a day! Or at least the government might have provided rough boards from which the men could have sawed themselves a few feet of flooring.

We are in the habit of pitying the soldier of Europe as hardly treated. For downright neglect, I have seen nothing to beat the way the American is treated by Uncle Sam.

Who is responsible for this meanness which is seriously affecting the health of our men?

In this hot climate we yearn for fresh fruit and vegetables, for anything that will quench thirst and at the same time cool the blood. Meat and all heating things we try to avoid by a wise instinct. The troops, however, are supplied with only that which is most unseasonable—greasy pork, and beans of that brown quality that makes one ready to spend the rest of the day in a watermelon-patch. I found officers with nothing but these rations, because the commissary had nothing else, and they could not afford to send for other things from the town. Is it a wonder that the men develop abnormal thirst, and rush off to satisfy this craving as best they can—some with plain water, some with milk-shakes, some with beer, some with other compounds? The result is that already the camp doctors are busy every morning with men and officers suffering from varying degrees of dysentery. We hush this up as well as we can, but to do so altogether is impossible. Who is responsible? No one can tell.

The war is thirty days in swing. It took less time than that for Germany to put half a million well-trained men on the French frontier in 1870. To-day we look in vain for a single regiment fit to take the field. We hear much in the political organs of throwing fifty thousand men over into Cuba and taking Havana, yet here we are drilling recruits and waiting for regiments to fill up. The strength of a regiment is nominally twelve hundred men. As a matter of fact, the average number is less than six hundred. Who is responsible? Every day raw recruits are dumped down here out of an incoming train, and they are taken out into the deep sand, and made to move their legs up and down until exhausted nature cries out for rest. Drill sergeants and recruits soon lose their taste for calisthenics in the roasting pine barrens of Tampa. The ordinary man asks why were not these recruits licked into shape up in the cool North, and sent down properly clothed and armed. Who is responsible? If the invasion should take place to-morrow, half the men would be in civilian dress, raw recruits who had probably never before had a gun in their hands.

Tampa is a seaport town, and therefore one might have expected that our superheated troops would have been so located as to enjoy a salt-water bath at least once a day. One or two regiments near Port Tampa have managed to locate near the beach, but the bulk of the troops are so far from the water that the journey to and fro robs them of any benefit they might otherwise derive from a swim. In parenthesis, let me explain that the fine dusty sand of Tampa is impregnated with charcoal dust, owing, no doubt, to the pine barrens of this neighborhood having been burned over. Thus our men in camp perspire streaks of black down their faces and necks. The government provides them no bath-houses, not even a trough at which they may take baths by instalments. So far the weather has been oppressively hot and dry. It will be a miracle if disease does not break out when the rains begin.

These matters are obvious even to the layman. They are not necessitated by the present state of war. While Uncle Sam's boys are parching for fresh food and vegetables, train-loads are leaving Florida filled with succulent fruit for Northern markets.

The great need at present, to prevent needless suffering amongst our men, is a proper organization of the commissary department and staff generally. The army is lumbered up with civilian staff-officers whose duty it is to see that our men are properly located and taken care of. The colonels and captains of the individual regiments are powerless in this matter; they can but obey the orders of their superiors on the staff.

In European armies staff-officers are selected from the most highly educated of the army. They have to pass special examinations in order to test their fitness for a variety of special duties of the most important kind; and of all important duties, the German officer regards the care of the men's health as the most important. When a German regiment marches to war, the staff-officer goes ahead to lay out a proper camping-ground, to provide wood and water, and in other respects to make the regiment about to arrive as comfortable as possible. When the weary men arrive they have but to cook their supper and curl up to sleep.

The United States troops who arrive in Tampa are dumped out at a railway siding like so many emigrants. No staff-officer prepares anything in advance for them. Regiments go off in any direction that suits them, looking for the nearest place where they may cook their pork and beans.

I am no pessimist. I have been camping with regulars, living their life, eating their food, and noting their courage and discipline under fire. In all the armies of Europe there are no better soldiers, man for man, than those of the United States infantry, and nowhere have I known officers who commanded more cheerfully the respect and obedience of their men.

On the other hand, in no army of Europe, not even in Spain, have I seen troops so badly treated through the incompetence of staff-officers, who to-day are strutting about in new uniforms, when they ought to be whistled out of camp as frauds.

Let us turn now from the matter of health and comfort to that of military efficiency.

The war authorities have crowded together in and about Tampa several thousand men on the plausible pretext that in a big camp of this kind the troops could be exercised in large bodies, and the superior officers thus get familiar with brigade and divisional formation. We must bear in mind that most of our troops have never since the civil war been brought together in larger bodies than a few companies at a time. Many colonels of regiments have never until this war seen all their men together on a parade-ground. Brigadier-generals have been created who have never seen the regiments that are to constitute their brigade. We have for this war laid out a complicated scheme of army organization, and intrusted the working of it in most instances to men who scarcely know the manual of arms.

Let us tell the truth, disagreeable as it is. We are strong enough to bear it, and to profit by it.

While the nation has been patriotically voting men and money for this campaign of alleged philanthropy, promotions have not been made wholly from deserving officers whose lives have been spent in active military work, but from the ranks of politicians, who may have had a smattering of militia drill, or may have worn a uniform forty years ago.

To-day, thirty days after the declaration of war, there has not been held at Tampa a single military field exercise likely to be of service to generals of brigade or division, let alone an army corps. The main reason is, no doubt, that there are no brigadiers or major-generals in Tampa who would know how to go to work in the matter.

General Wheeler, for instance, is supposed to be the dashing leader of a cavalry division. I admire the venerable warrior of the Confederacy, and his appointment is a beautiful tribute to the new spirit pervading North and South. But his place is in Washington, on a strategic board, not in the field, where young blood is needed. Besides, to put General Wheeler in charge of troops to-day is like putting on board a modern ironclad a naval officer whose knowledge of the sea was gained exclusively in the days of Farragut.

Aside from the incompetence of nearly every general so far manufactured by act of Congress, the heat of Tampa is so oppressive that a field-day of any kind is almost out of the question. The men would scarce be able to march to the manœuvring-ground and back, let alone go through fighting operations. As it is, the individual battalions have all that can be expected of them in merely dragging themselves out of camp in the early morning and going through a few exercises in a neighboring field, and then returning to spend the day sweltering in their tents until the sun goes down.

What superfluous energy there is must be given to drilling the newly arrived recruits.

What is now imperative, if the troops are to be brought into an efficient condition, is to put them at once on transports and bring them up North to a big camp of exercise on the most bracing part of our coast, say about Narragansett. Here they could be properly drilled in anticipation of an invasion of Cuba in November.

Here generals might learn the elementary duties of their new grades. Instead of our men losing their vitality from day to day, as they are at present doing, they would be storing up health.

Up in the North the people would more readily see the gross manner in which our brave troops are being exploited by politicians. If people up North could see what I have been seeing, there would be a cry of indignant protest throughout the country.

There is a German military attaché at Tampa noting all these things; and what is concealed from the American people in the North is carefully sent to Europe.

Nothing, I am sure, is so well calculated to encourage Spain in her obstinate resistance as the knowledge that our military resources are being squandered as recklessly as were those of France in 1870.

Finally, let us insist that [illegible] the successful conduct of a war there must be one man, and one man only, responsible for the command. To-day no one is in command. There are half a dozen people in Washington pretending to be directing operations. General Miles sits at the War Department, with no more influence than his doorkeeper.

There is no head to the army. The railway, express, telegraph, steamship, and other corporations are getting fat out of this war; so are all contractors who deal with politics. The more inefficient the army, the better it suits them. If this war should be dragged out for a year or so they would be more than delighted. Meanwhile brave boys in blue will be dying in the heat of Tampa, to say nothing of the Cuban swamps. And newspapers will be telling the same old lie—that all this is the inevitable consequence of war.

But it is no such thing. The United States army has competent officers. They are, however, not consulted.

There are those who hold that it is unpatriotic to lay bare the faults of the army at a time when the enemy may profit by the news. My answer is that the enemy already knows all this much better than do the people whose money is paying for this war. In times of peace our army has begged Congress to vote money enough to make the regiments effective. Even as late as January of this year our representatives declined to vote most pressing measures for making our fighting forces adequate. When the war came, not a single regiment of our army was at its full strength, not a single gun at Sandy Hook was provided with ammunition, not a single mine was ready to be put down in the channel of our greatest seaport. Our press cried "On to Havana!" just as the Paris press cried "À Berlin!" yet at the same time not a single regiment of either regulars or volunteers was equipped for war.

We can thrash Spain any time we choose. But just now it would do us all much more good to discover why, thirty days after war is declared, our troops are losing their vitality in Florida, with not a single regiment fit to take the field.

Poultney Bigelow.

FACTS ABOUT MODERN ORDNANCE.

The average velocity with which the projectiles leave the muzzles of modern American naval guns is about 2100 feet per second, when full service charges are used. This is equivalent to the enormous speed of nearly 24 statute miles per minute, and is not materially diminished at the ordinary fighting range of two miles or less.

The amount of energy contained in a mass of steel, weighing all the way up to 1100 pounds, moving at this rate, is appalling. For the 1100-pound projectile, which is that of the 13-inch breech-loading rifles on the battleships of the *Indiana* class, this energy is equal to that developed in lifting 33,000 tons a distance of one foot. In other words, as the *Indiana*, with all equipment, stores, crew, etc., on board, weighs about 10,300 tons, this energy of a single shot from one of her big guns would more than suffice to lift three vessels like her to a height of a foot.

It is very easy for any one to calculate the energy of a projectile. It is equal to its weight multiplied by the square of its velocity divided by twice the force of gravity, the mathematical formula being $E=\frac{wv^2}{2g}$, g being 32.2.

Assuming that 2100 feet per second is the constant muzzle velocity, the muzzle energy, in foot-tons, of any American gun may be quickly found by simply multiplying the weight (in pounds) of its projectile by 30.6. Thus the muzzle energy of the 6-inch rifle, the projectile of which weighs 100 pounds, is 3060 foot-tons.

"Cannon-balls" are now obsolete, all modern projectiles being long and pointed. Solid shot is rarely used, the common forms being shell and shrapnel. A shell has a bursting charge of powder inside of it, and so has shrapnel, but the latter also has in it a number of small shot, which scatter when it is exploded. Both are exploded by fuses, either on impact or at the expiration of a fixed time, according as a percussion or a time fuse is used. Armor-piercing shells, however, have no fuses, being exploded by the heat generated in passing through armor.

Guns are fired by means of primers, either percussion or electric. The recoil is taken up by means of hydraulic cylinders, in which a piston, moving with the gun, is checked by a liquid cushion.

The powder used in the larger guns is really not powder at all, but a collection of hexagonal prisms, about an inch in diameter, and brown in color. Smokeless powder comes in sticks resembling mouth-glue, or some kinds of taffy. The old-fashioned black powder is now used only for saluting purposes, or as bursting charges for shells, although some of the many higher explosives are now often used in the latter, in which cases their destructive power is greatly enhanced.

Arthur Dutton.

THE ARMY READY TO FIGHT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Tampa, Florida, *May 26, 1898.*

Just as we are joyously settling, after many cruel disappointments, to the belief that Cervera and his fleet are snugly trapped in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, along comes a report that the wily Spaniard is really at Cienfuegos.

Reports of such bewildering nature have assailed us within the last three days that acute melancholy and the merciless Florida sun are rapidly driving us into the last ditch. One hour we are told a terrific battle is raging off Cape Haitien, and the next we find the Spanish fleet at Santiago, or off Curaçao, or even Cienfuegos.

So long, however, as the "yellow" bulletin-board or the Madrid despatches, *viâ* Washington, do not spirit the Spanish fleet to the coast of Patagonia or into Hudson Bay, we think there is yet hope of retaining our equilibrium.

The value of our fast scout-ships in keeping track of the Spanish admiral's flittings hither and yon is at once obvious and incalculable. Really the most comforting bulletin I have seen since coming to Tampa is one posted this evening in the office window of the local paper, and reading, "Latest—We don't know a thing, and doubt if any one else does."

A truthful editor at last. And now let the war go on. As a matter of fact, the reports which have reached us here affirming the Spanish fleet to be inside and the American squadron outside the Santiago Harbor bear more the stamp of authenticity than any I have yet received. There is good reason to believe Cervera would put in at Santiago, and as Schley had sailed from Key West for the Caribbean Sea side of Cuba before I left there last week, he would reach Santiago at about the date he was reported to be there. Sampson, sailing from Key West two days after Schley's departure, could also be off Santiago long before now.

If Cervera is indeed within the harbor, he has supplemented several weeks of very smart manœuvring by a final move which must be considered a feeble one. That is to say, feeble if his ardor to meet the American ships is as intense as the despatches from Madrid would have us believe.

To scurry into the narrow Santiago Harbor was no doubt necessary, but to stop there long enough for the enemy, of whom he had at least two days' start, to overhaul him, can be explained only by events yet to come. Perhaps Cervera had no coal, or some machinery needed repairs; or perhaps, again, he is not so keen to fight as we have heard. At all events, there he is in a harbor admirably situated for refuge. The town of Santiago is about six miles from the sea, on a small bay that is only reached through an inlet a mile or thereabouts in length, and so narrow that only one large ship may enter at a time. As this passageway will undoubtedly be heavily mined, Cervera is certainly, for the present, safe from pursuit. On the other hand, the presence of the American fleet on the outside, where it commands by night as well as by day, cuts off all hope of his escape. Perhaps Cervera thought Schley or Sampson would emulate Dewey, but the entrances to Santiago and to Manila are dissimilar. The American fleet may drop some shells into Santiago Harbor in the hope of harrying the Spaniards, but unless the latter are so eager to fight as to tempt their venturing outside as the army co-operates with our fleet, a blockade of Santiago of indefinite duration seems the only immediate outlook. It rather looks as if Cervera was not so foolish, after all.

His innermost conviction probably assured him of annihilation eventually, and he concluded his best game to be giving all the bother he could rather than seeking quick engagement and inevitable defeat. He has played his game well—and to the limit. It is now our lead. Having therefore bottled the Spanish fleet, it seems fitting to ask what we propose next. Shall we delay (what, again?) proposed operations in Cuba while we maintain a blockade until the Spaniards, driven to desperation by hunger, seek death more honorable by fighting than by starvation? Shall we land troops near Santiago and co-operate with our ships of war, or shall we leave Commodore Schley as the cork to the Santiago bottle, and set in motion that army of invasion which has long awaited the settlement of Cervera's fleet?

The Spanish fleet, being trapped and amply guarded, can no longer be considered a menace. It would be wasting time and effort to land troops at Santiago, for the main issue of this campaign is the taking of Havana, and as it looks now, this war will not be over until the Cuban capital surrenders, and the war will end with the fall of that city. All this being so, the cue now seems to be for an immediate, vigorous, and aggressive policy.

There has been much criticism of the policy pursued thus far, and as usual those with least reason for being heard have been the loudest and the most persistent talkers.

Undoubtedly there has been occasion for some criticism; it would be extraordinary indeed had there not been. But in my very humble opinion, formed on a careful following of events since the declaration of war by the United States against Spain, very little has been left undone to put a great resourceful, if wholly unprepared, country in position to wage its war with the smallest chance of its dignity or forces meeting reverses.

This great country could ill afford to rush impetuously into any engagement where even a momentary check was likely to be experienced. Nor could we fail of giving so insignificant an opponent as Spain every possible opportunity of withdrawing from combat so unequal and so certain in its conclusion. Therefore the policy has been one of moderation, giving Spain many chances to escape the direct consequence of the inevitable, and giving us time to collect our forces, so that when we did set forth on a vigorous offensive by sea and on land, no untoward results might belittle our position before the world.

I believe that any other policy would have been unwise and hazardous; unquestionably the administration has delayed invasion of Cuba not only because it hoped the annihilation of Cervera's fleet might be followed by the capitulation of Havana, and the consequent end of the war, but because we were totally unprepared to assume the aggressive in a strange land, where the enemy numbered one hundred thousand to our ten thousand, and an unfamiliar and sickly climate tremendously increased the difficulties of campaigning. It is well enough for those without responsibility in national affairs to point to the starving reconcentrados as sufficient reason for our hurrying a mere handful of men on Cuba, to march about impotently in an "established base," and probably sicken in a feverish tropical clime. But only a fool enters half prepared upon a conflict, and we shall do more for the reconcentrados, for the righteous cause we are entered upon, and for ourselves by waiting until we are prepared to enter upon aggressive movements that will not hesitate until Spain's rule in Cuba has been utterly crushed. God knows we are doing for the Cubans what no other people on earth would.

Surely we owe a duty to ourselves as well, and that duty is to prepare ourselves for this conflict, and then to sweep Spain from the Western Hemisphere. The timely question is, are we yet prepared to grip this barbarous foe by the throat? Judging from the state of affairs here at the front, I should say we are. Our ships of war command Cuban waters. They are sufficient to hold Cervera and his fleet, to convoy and cover the landing of the army, and subsequently to pour such a rain of shells into Havana as to silence forever every gun in and around the city. There are now here fifteen thousand five hundred troops, and at Lakeland, forty miles away, are three thousand three hundred more, making a total of eighteen thousand eight hundred men.

Of these, fourteen thousand five hundred are infantry, thirty-three hundred cavalry, one thousand artillery. Six thousand infantrymen are volunteers, comprising Second Georgia, which includes the famous Savannah company organized in 1802; First Florida, Thirty-second Michigan, Third Ohio, Second Massachusetts, Seventy-first New York.

Of the artillery seven hundred are divided among the ten light batteries, and three hundred make a recently organized siege train which will be considerably increased; there is also, of course, the usual and necessary engineer corps. There are twenty-two transports at Port Tampa under steam, with the gunboats *Helena* and *Bancroft* guarding the harbor, and the commissary department has ninety days' rations for seventy-five thousand men. The men are all fit and eager to fight. The horses and mules average higher than any similar collections I have ever seen. The outfit could be loaded and on its way rejoicing within four days after the word.

This is not a large force, especially when it is remembered that Spain has in Cuba certainly five and perhaps seven to eight times the number of soldiers. But it is sufficient perhaps to put well into action the movement that must end in the expulsion of the Spaniards. Except for the arrival of the volunteers, nothing has happened here this week to make one day unlike another. The nights continue full of brass bands and brass buttons, and the feminine world has in consequence invaded the army of occupation. Some hysterical concert hysteria concerning spies developed the other day among the volunteers.

The most indefatigable daring spies the Spaniards have had on American soil have been the "yellow" journal reporters. If the government would arrest un-American editors, it would do much towards furthering its movements against Spain. The treachery of these newspapers in persistently disclosing the government's movements, after being repeatedly requested not to do so, should be resented by loyal Americans and punished by the government. By-the-way, what has become of the bicycle corps whose efficacy in war used to be so loudy proclaimed? Nothing has been heard of it since its exhibition in Madison Square Garden. We are on the *qui vive* for orders to move.

Caspar Whitney.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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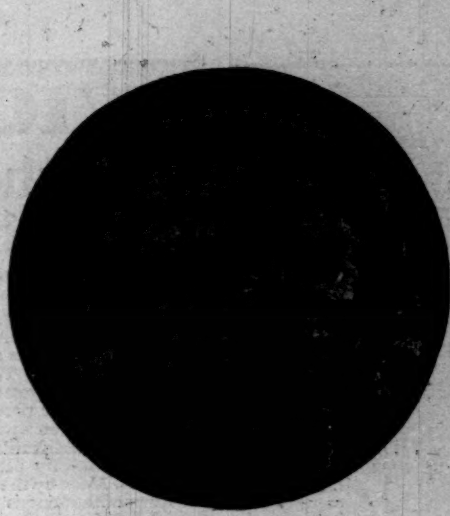

Old State House (State St.), Boston, 1898, rebuilt 1712.

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"State House, Boston, Bulfinch front, dedicated 1795."
"Old State House (State St.), Boston, 1898, rebuilt 1712."
"Old South Church. Tea Party met here 1773."
"Old North Church, Salem Street. Paul Revere's Lanterns were displayed here 1775."
"Green Dragon Tavern, Union Street, Boston, styled by Dan'l Webster the Headquarters of the Revolution. Also the Grand Lodge of Free Masons first met here."
"King's Chapel, Boston, built 1686, rebuilt 1754."
"Old Feather Store, North and Ann Streets, 1680 to 1868."
"Old Sun Tavern, Faneuil Hall Square, 1680 to 1895."
"Old Boston Theatre, Corner Federal and Franklin Streets, 1794."
"Faneuil Hall, 'Cradle of Liberty,' built 1742."
"Site of Adams House, Boston, 1845, Lamb Tavern, 1746."
"Boston Common and State House, 1836."
"Harbor view of Boston from a map of 1768."
"Old Brick Church, 1713, site of Joy's, now Rogers' Building."
"State Street and Old State House, 1883."
"Adjacent Lean-to Houses in Quincy, Mass., each of which was the birthplace of a President of the United States."
"The Public Library, Boston, 1895."
"Trinity Church, Boston, 1895."
"Mount Vernon, 1892, the home of Washington."
"1743, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 1893, where the Independence of the U. S. was declared July 4, 1776."

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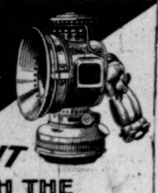

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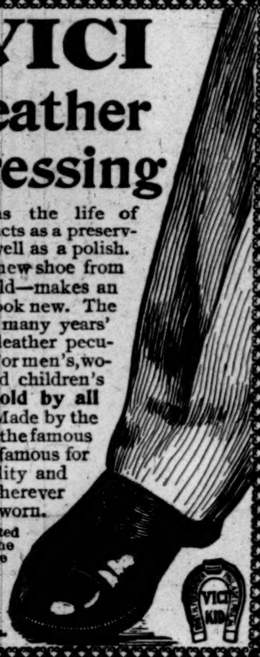

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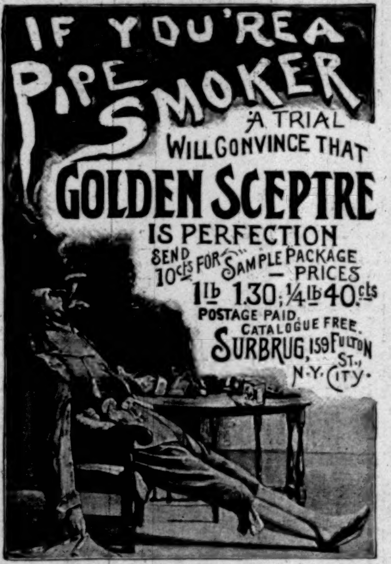

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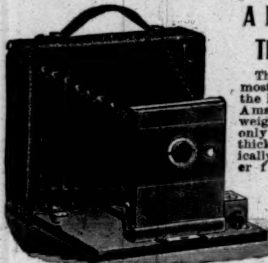

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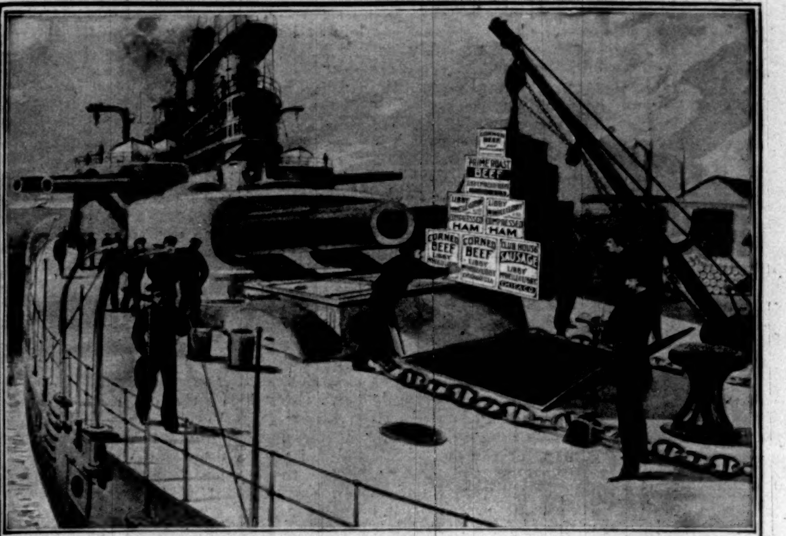

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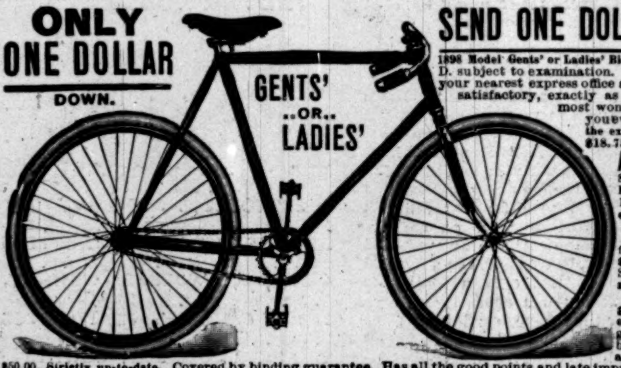

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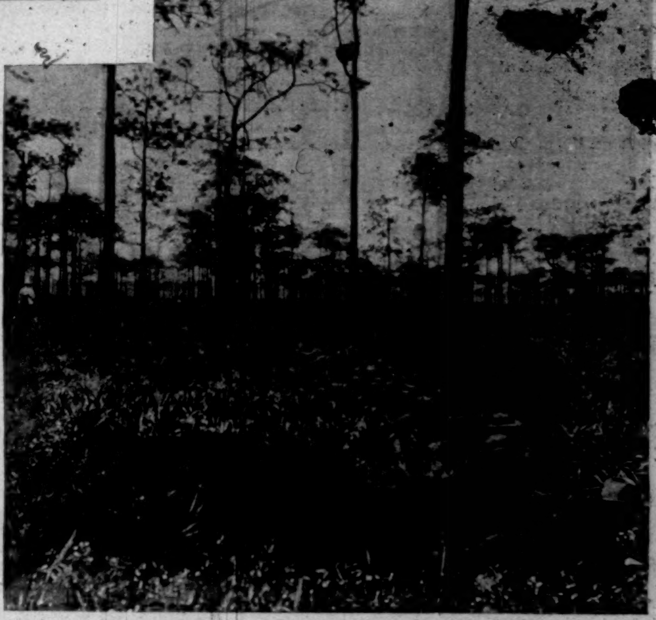

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AT PORT TAMPA.

LONDON.

May 14, 1898.

Lord Salisbury's return to England is the signal for a renewal of the protests against his continuing to attempt the duties of both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. Both Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury have defended themselves against the charge of weakness and want of foresight on the part of the government which is brought against them by discontented supporters. Lord Salisbury's dejected defence amounts to this—that all is for the best; and if not, everything is inevitable. The enunciation of this doctrine dismays his adherents. In a speech delivered to the Primrose League at the Albert Hall, Lord Salisbury defended himself against attacks which had not been made, and left untouched the charges requiring serious reply. The government made demands of China one day, which they withdrew the next. They allowed British ships to wander into ports claimed by Russia, and aimlessly to retire on receiving a rough protest from Russia. The language of the government has been strong; their action feeble. The concessions they have made have been surrendered without consideration; not as part of a bargain in which British influence and interests were weighed in the balance as against those of Russia and other nations.

Private disaffection in the Tory party will shortly give way to public protest and revolt. The resignation of the Tory member for Newark, of which I speak later, is a case in point. Foreign nations have now got it fixed firmly in their heads that so long as Lord Salisbury is in office they have only to ask with menace in order to receive with alacrity. Sir Michael Hicks Beach's language about war and Lord Salisbury's pacific proclivities do not consort, and England resents being made ridiculous. Still, public opinion would not have supported a war against Russia to prevent her acquisition of a warm-water port, even though that port were Port Arthur. But the manner in which British diplomacy has been defeated and Russian ambitions gratified has made a deep impression upon the people. The Foreign Office gives no sign of being endowed with the faculty of thinking out the results of an event before it has happened. During Lord Salisbury's speech at the Albert Hall he was only able to accomplish his task with the aid of stiff brandy-and-water, and his voice was almost inaudible at the end of the discourse. His features are marked by a deadly pallor, and the traces of the insidious disease from which he has long suffered are unmistakable.

Lord Salisbury attended a dinner of the Bankers' Central Association on the 11th of May, and there seized the opportunity of again delivering a speech, which has created a profound impression in the minds of those who heard it. The press was excluded, for reasons that are unintelligible. A gloomy and pessimistic forecast of the national future pervaded the Premier's latest utterance. Vague prophecies and warnings, however, are useless to a practical people. If danger is ahead, the natural course to pursue is to harden our hearts, strengthen our navy, enlarge our army, and to take steps to victual the British Isles. At the present time there is little more than a month's food in the country. It should be frankly recognized that although the British Isles are fortresses, they are unvictualled fortresses. Naval preparations in France continue with unabated vigor and energy. Still, Mr. Goschen refrains from bringing in a supplementary estimate for increasing the navy, although the public revenue rises with leaps and bounds. The *Times* declares that well-informed people in the City feel some uneasiness as to the absence of results from the negotiations with France respecting West Africa. The City, however, has been occupied with other things, especially with the rise in American railways, and has not given much attention to the matter. My information is positive on the subject, and although anything is possible to a ministry so enamoured with the apostolic injunction of loving its enemies, or rather the enemies of its country, I cannot believe that the French withdrawal from Boussa can be postponed for more than a month or six weeks. Mr. Chamberlain's retirement and the break-up of the ministry would be inevitable if Great Britain were to surrender her rights in the Hinterland of Lagos.

Lord Salisbury's lugubrious forecast probably refers to the changes inevitable when Spain loses her colonies and Italy retires from the Triple Alliance. A strict censorship is exercised over all telegrams from Italy, and no one can tell at the present moment the extent of the Italian rebellion. The parallel between the condition of Europe to-day and in May, 1848, is singularly exact. It is not worth while to describe scenes which are better and more circumstantially narrated in the newspapers, but the insurrection at Milan indicates the fragility of the tie subsisting between the House of Savoy and the Italian people. Constitutional government is no longer even on its trial among the Latin races. It has been tried and found wanting; not because the system is inherently defective, but because no form of government is acceptable to a people taxed to the extent of sixty cents on the dollar. Charles Greville's description of the upheaval in France in the spring of 1848 might stand almost word for word as a record of what is happening in Italy. The weakness of the Italian executive, the evolution of social and anarchical elements, and the lamentable collapse of the colonial aspirations of Italy, all point to rapid and drastic changes in the south of Europe. If the sea power now commanded by Italy were to be transferred from the Triple Alliance and placed at the disposal of France and Russia, serious complications must arise. The dominion of Italy in Africa extends on the coast of the Red Sea from Cape Kasar to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. The length of coast is about six hundred and seventy miles. Massowah, the seat of government, would form a jumping-off place for Russia and France in the event of their obtaining the Italian succession and the colony of Erethrea. British rule in Upper Egypt would be continually menaced.

The inevitable success of America will raise a luxuriant crop of foreign problems, from Morocco to the Far East. Already Russia has sent up a *ballon d'essai* in suggesting a claim to Ceuta in the event of the dominion of Spain being restricted to the peninsula. The retention of Gibraltar and Malta by England, if Russia and France were established in the strait, would depend upon the result of a new Trafalgar.

There is much on the horizon to dismay the wisest statesman. Nevertheless, the tone of apprehension and foreboding that marks Lord Salisbury's recent utterances is completely out of harmony with the sentiments of the majority. England was in a worse plight a hundred years ago, but Mr. Pitt never gave the impression of despairing of his country, perhaps because continual recourse to good old port warmed his heart and enabled him to stimulate his countrymen into making such exertions as were required by the formation of a European coalition against England. So far as can be discerned, there is a general feeling in the House of Commons, among the majority, that the country is too much in the hands of old men who rely upon musty precedents for guidance, when no precedents exist for the actual situation that has to be met. A remarkable instance of this discontent has just been furnished by Mr. Harold H. Finch Hatton, Lord Winchelsea's brother, who has resigned his seat for the Newark division of Notts on the ground that he can no longer support the government. He considers that the present government sought for and obtained the suffrages of the electors at the last election under false pretences, and he declares that their legislation at home consists, for the most part, of attacks upon capitalists and owners of property as a class, and their conduct of foreign affairs "may rank with the most effete and pusillanimous era of radical administration." Although this is the language of exaggeration, Mr. Finch Hatton's resignation of his seat is a warning which cannot be disregarded. His views are widely shared by many members of the House of Commons who have not the courage of their opinions. The government received another blow yesterday in the loss of the seat for South Norfolk.

There is, however, ample time for the government to redeem past errors. Discontent with their administration does prevail to an extent that is perhaps not suspected by the public at large. Firmness and foresight in the control of foreign affairs, steady persistence in strengthening the defensive forces of the crown, a closer union with the colonies, and a careful selection of legislative measures of practical utility are what the country really desires. If the government show themselves unable to turn over a new leaf, there is trouble ahead for them. These changes of policy all point to the growth of Mr. Chamberlain's influence.

Mr. Gladstone is slowly approaching his end. He is constantly under the influence of soporifics, and his physical strength is decaying. He has not left his room for a fortnight. Rarely has a great man faced death before so vast an unseen audience of sympathizing well-wishers. A pathetic reconciliation took place between the University of Oxford and its former representative. It will be remembered how Mr. Gladstone, when member for the university, was forced by Tory malcontents to seek a seat elsewhere. It is usual for a university member to represent his constituency for the term of his natural life. When, therefore, thirty-three years ago, Mr. Gladstone left Oxford University for Southwest Lancashire, the relations between them were naturally of a strained nature. The vice-chancellor has recently written to Mr. Gladstone, expressing the profound sorrow with which Oxford is filled at the illness of her most distinguished son, and gives voice to warm and earnest wishes for his welfare. To this letter Miss Helen Gladstone replied, conveying an affectionate and touching message from her father, indicative of the love he has always borne for his Alma Mater. It is not without interest in this connection to recall a pathetic incident of his last visit to Oxford. Just before he took office for the last time he went up to All Souls for a ten days' stay. While there he delivered an address on Homer, at the Union. Sir Henry Acland and the late Archdeacon Palmer—the last survivors of his Christ Church contemporaries—proposed and seconded respectively a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Few of those who heard the Grand Old Man's magnificent peroration to his twenty minutes' reply will ever be likely to forget the impassioned terms in which he spoke of his Alma Mater. The very last words that he uttered, with both arms stretched out before him, were, "I love her, I love her!" Just one more anecdote. On arriving at Hawarden from Bournemouth last month, the Grand Old Man was heard to mutter, as he was carried up stairs, "Why cumber I the ground?"

A few people in society and two or three newspapers continue to express sympathy for the weaker nation. They do not think that America is disinterested. They dislike what they term American effusiveness, and they affect to believe that the inhabitants of the States are generally and permanently hostile to the English people. They fail to see that America is doing in Cuba what England has done six times in a dozen years in all parts of the world. Britain has interfered in Egypt, in Zululand, in Burmah, in Matabeleland, in the Himalayas, and in the independent territories of African chieftains on the West Coast. Englishmen have always assumed the right to suppress misgovernment on their borders. Britain is now intervening in the government of Crete, an island nearly three thousand miles distant from these shores. Spain's actions in Cuba are at least as indefensible as those of Arabi Pasha in Egypt, of Cettiwayo in Zululand, of Thebaw in Burmah, of Lobengula in Matabeleland, of the Emir Abu-Bekri in Nupe on the border-land of the Niger Coast Protectorate, or of Abdul-Hamid in Crete. As a nation we have done a dozen times over during the present century the very thing that America is doing to-day. If these interventions were right for Britain, the rescue of Cuba and the Philippines from the clutches of Spain is equally creditable to the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. This is the argument that tells with thinking-men on this side in watching the dawn of an American Empire.

The burning of the Spanish ships at the battle of Manila has once more drawn attention to the question of fireproof wood for battle-ships. The tendency of the British Admiralty is to watch the improvements introduced in the navies of other countries, and then to adopt them if successful. Although the use of wood on board ~~British~~ battle-ships is reduced to a minimum, furniture-fittings, bulkheads, boats, furniture, joinery, etc., constitute a considerable element of danger. The fireproofing of wood employed on ships in the United States navy was the subject of a careful report by Mr. Philip Hichborn, chief constructor U.S.N., on November 17, 1897. At the battle of the Yalu the conflagrations on board both the Chinese and Japanese ships caused by the use of non-fireproofed wood attracted a great deal of interest, which, however, gradually subsided. The burning of the Spanish ships has again roused naval interest in the matter. A captain of one of our larger battle-ships stated the other day that he would not go into action with a boat on board, so great is the danger of fire from such an inflammable material as wood that has been untreated by a fireproofing process.

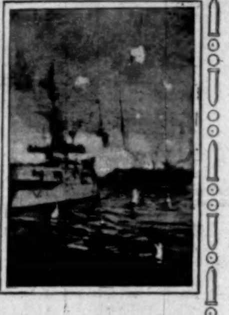
The Latin races are decadent. The process visible in Spain, of the disintegration of the nation, the decay of authority, and the loss of all governing capacity, is one that is not unlikely to be extended to France. When Lord Salisbury referred to the fact of the civilized world being divided between the weak nations and the strong, he probably did not mean to include France among the former. But government organization, capacity for rule, and public spirit are as conspicuous by their absence from France as from Spain or Italy. The decadent Latins and the undeveloped Slav races are clearly to be pitted against the Anglo-Saxon peoples in the struggle for the mastery of the world.

One of the most extraordinary and unlooked-for results that the war with Spain has developed is one that has at present attracted no attention; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that references to it have been designedly suppressed. The effect to which I allude is the division in the Irish Parliamentary Nationalists, caused by the Roman Catholic sympathies of a full half of the party led by Mr. Dillon, Mr. Healy, and others. No one could have anticipated that the rescue of Cuba would have inflicted a crushing blow on home-rule in the centenary of the Irish Rebellion. Such, however, is the case. Bitter difference of opinion rages in the bosom of the Irish party. The extreme Catholics are enthusiastically Spanish in their sympathies, and with difficulty are prevented from expressing their views in public. Discussions marked by characteristic acerbity of manner and violence of language have raged on the subject, and my informant, who is hostile both to Spain and to Rome, declares, with full knowledge of the facts, that a further split among the vociferous Irish Parliamentary patriots is already within the arena of practical politics.

The immense increase in the population of Egypt has obliged the British government to look ahead as to extension of land under cultivation, necessary to provide for an expanding community, which will shortly be checked unless new resources are provided. A new reservoir scheme is to be carried out, by contract with Messrs. Aird & Co., in five years from the 1st of July next, at a cost of $10,000,000. After making allowance for unfavorable contingencies, the total wealth of the country will be increased by an annual sum of $13,000,000. The value of reclaimed government lands will be increased by $5,000,000, while the revenue will benefit annually to the extent of nearly $2,000,000. The plans for the new reservoir provide that the more important of the temples on the island of Philæ will be free from all chance of submersion.

Although people are beginning to grumble at the increased price of bread, of flour, of bacon, and other foodstuffs, and many public men are seriously alarmed at the economic prospects of England in the event of a war with two great powers, the value of first-rate works of art has not diminished. At Christie's last week a snuff-box was sold for $18,375. It is an axiom among the great collectors that the cheapest things to buy are the best. These never lose their value, while second-rate pictures, statuary, jewels, or bric-à-brac may become valueless in times of great political excitement. The sale of a picture by Millais for $26.250 denotes the high-water mark of values for modern British art. The circle of wealthy collectors endowed with knowledge and taste as well as with capital, and the competition for art products of consummate merit, are continually increasing. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars paid for the Ansidei Raphael is the highest price yet paid for a picture in England, but it is by no means unlikely that similar prices will be realized at the dispersion of more than one collection destined to come to the hammer before long. Notwithstanding the severity of the law forbidding the export of pictures from Italy, domestic trouble in the unhappy kingdom and the growing poverty of the gentry will probably lead to the disposal of more than one Italian collection.

With the exception of "Waterloo," which is virtually a soliloquy, "The Two Roses," and the "Corsican Brothers," Mr. Henry Irving has not appeared in the costume of modern society since the production of those plays. The drama of "The Medicine-Man," produced at the Lyceum, marks a new departure in the policy of the *doyen* of the English stage. The Medicine-Man is a hypnotist, who acquires influence over neurotic and semi-insane persons in all classes of society. The part clearly has fascinated Sir Henry Irving's imagination, and he fills it with characteristic force and dignity. The subtle possibilities of the illicit influence of mesmeric experts, if not exhausted, have been well explored by previous writers. If the motive, however, is not new—and where can a new motive be discovered?—the structure of the play enables the authors to satirize the current foibles of the comfortable classes. General opinion is that the play is not a success, apparently for the reason that it is written in a key well over the heads of the average London play-goer, while the plot, terminating in a realistic murder on the stage, displeases a large class who go to the theatre for amusement or pleasure. The Prince and Princess of Wales sat through the whole of the play, much to the delight of a loyal assembly, who persisted in cheering the heir to the throne in a fashion somewhat unusual in a first-night Lyceum audience. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry received their friends as usual on the stage after the performance, while London society over a very late supper discussed with interest the merits of Sir Henry Irving's latest play. The critics, however, can neither make nor mar melodrama, and I am inclined to think that, notwithstanding prognostications to the contrary, "The Medicine-Man" will run to the end of the season. **Arnold White.**



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